

Reedy's

MIRROR



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A Tough Job?

No!

By Robt. D. Towne

All our reformers are worrying about a new world. Reformers are great little worriers. Worry is one thing they do well.

Reconstruction! It's a tough job. Everybody says so—the reformers more than anybody else. And the politicians! Well, some. When did the politicians ever say it is easy to do anything that ought to be done?

Politicians trade in mystery, complication and difficulty. If government of the people, by the people, for the people, should suddenly turn out to be as easy as rolling off a log, what would become of the politicians, anyway?

And the statesmen! The elder statesmen! Those funny old fellows who have looked into grindstones so long that the world itself has become a grindstone—an awfully flinty, puzzling old thing.

A very wise man once said that you have to unlearn pretty nearly all your wisdom when you come to make a new world—just have to forget all about grindstones and flinty problems and terrible difficulties and become a child with a fresh mind and an unspoiled heart—and then new worlds a-plenty will spring up all about you. And that's the biggest problem of all—how to quit being old, and sour, and practical, and learned, and wise, and cautious, and conservative, and afraid.

But if we can get rid of a lot of those old barnacles, really it's not a tough job at all to make a new world. It's the gladdest kind of a job—a regular picnic. For example, this corporation I am working for isn't a bit like any corporation I ever worked for before. It has a big job in hand. It is mobilizing some of the big talk about the new world and ciphering it down to brass tacks, down to good business. And there you have it. Good business. That's the best fun I know.

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HOW TO FACE PEACE by Gertrude Shelby. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

The author was editor of the *News Letter of the Women's Council of National Defense* during ten months of the war, and there passed through her hands the reconstruction ideas and plans of the 154,000 community councils scattered throughout the country. In this volume these ideas and plans are condensed and classified. It is designed to use the war organization methods just as vigorously in times of peace for the prosecution of the general advancement of the soldier and his family.

PREFACES by Don Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

The author of "Hermione and Her Little Group of Serious Thinkers," the conductor of the famous "Sun Dial" column in the New York *Sun*, comes forward with this fine, large, fat, juicy plate of literary goulash. These prefaces to cook books, books of fish hooks, cigarette papers, memorandum books, almanacs, safety pins, Hoyt's rules, checks, the novels of Harold Bell Wright, the plays of Euripides, and such like productions are full of a number of things related and unrelated to their titles. The author's fancy plays all over the place. He has fun with everything or nothing. Here is the utterly irresponsible play of the spirit of satirical and ironical whim. Underneath it all runs a strong strain of opposition to everything that smacks of what is commonly called "advanced thought." There are plenty of jolts for the radicals. Lots of laughter.

SMALL THINGS by Margaret Deland. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.35.

Word pictures of the common people of France, those unknown to fame, whose courage, gaiety, endurance, suffering, hatred made France live through five years of national agony—etched with the force and beauty which characterize all Mrs. Deland's work.

JAPAN AND WORLD PEACE by K. K. Kawakami. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

An apologist for Japan deals plainly with her necessities and plans. Japan's chief problem is an ever increasing overpopulation. The logical way to solve it is to promote industries and expand foreign trade. This requires coal and iron—of which Japan has neither. Therefore the longing eyes and the greedy hand stretched in the direction of China. Mr. Kawakami holds that China is incapable of taking care of herself and that the benevolent other nations must do so for her. He devotes much space to the Chinese question, the effect of German defeat upon Japanese politics, Japan's place in the League of Nations. The book is an interesting presentation of Japanese claims.

SKETCHES AND REVIEWS by Walter Pater. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.25.

Essays on literature and book reviews not hitherto published in book form. They include "Aesthetic Poetry;" "M. LeMaitre's *Serenus and Other Tales*;" "Life and Letters of Gustave Flaubert;" "Correspondence de Gustave Flaubert;" "Coleridge as a Theologian;" "Wordsworth;" "A Novel by Mr. Oscar Wilde" (The Picture of Dorian Gray); "A Poet with Something to Say" (Symon's "Nights and Days"); "Mr. George Moore as an Art Critic" (Modern Painting).

THE CURIOUS REPUBLIC OF GONDOR by Samuel Clemens. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.25.

Humorous sketches collected and printed for the first time in book form. The majority of them first appeared in *The Galaxy* from May 1870 to April 1871. The others appeared in the *Buffalo Express*. Among the latter is one published under date of July 25, 1870, on "The European War." According to this

account, during four days of terrific excitement but no fighting, the Germans successfully invaded France, found no French and successfully returned to Berlin; the French successfully invaded Germany but found no Germans and successfully returned to Paris; the Austrians were reported to have armed; Russia sided with both sides; England remained neutral but nevertheless decided to fight both sides. There are seventeen sketches in all.

THE GRIZZLY by Enos A. Mills. New York: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$2.

The author has spent many years in the Rocky mountains, studying and observing wild life. Without a gun he has trailed grizzlies and observed their cunning in throwing him off the track; he has come upon them unawares and watched them at their daily business of getting a living; he has raised grizzly cubs and found them companionable. His verdict is that the grizzly bear is America's greatest wild animal, equal to the dog in intelligence, to the lion in courage, that he is no enemy to man but a friend to be cherished. Illustrated from photographs. Indexed. Well printed.

THE GREAT MODERN ENGLISH STORIES edited by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.75.

An anthology of short stories written in English within the past forty years, compiled and edited by the famous editor of the best short stories of each year culled from American magazines. There are twenty-eight in this collection, representing the work of Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson, Sir Frederick Wedmore, George Egerton, Kipling, Barrie, Fiona MacLeod, Maurice Hewlett, H. G. Wells, Quiller-Couch, Henry W. Nevinson, Algernon Blackwood, W. H. Hudson, Cunninghamham Graham, Richard Middleton, John Trevena, Thomas Burke, Hugh Walpole, Roland Pertwee, Grant Watson, Beresford, Hugh de Selincourt, D. H. Lawrence, Caradoc Evans, Gilbert Cannan. There is a critical introduction by the editor, a short biography of each author and bibliography of his work.

THE ACTOR MANAGER by Leonard Merrick with an introduction by W. D. Howells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.

William Dean Howells is as generous in his praise of the author's work as are Barrie and Hewlett, noted above. This novel is of the stage, of stage people of all ranks, and excels the other perhaps in delineation of character and temperament.

OUT O' LUCK by J. Thorn Smith, Jr. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., 75c.

Biltmore Oswald as a full rigged, bona fide sailor, encounters as many interesting and diverting misadventures on shipboard as he did in training. This is the record of them with numerous amusing and illuminating drawings.

UNITED RAILWAY COMPANY'S REFERENDUM BURGLARY by Julius Caesar Jackson. Published by the author at St. Louis, P. O. Box 1065.

The inside history of the United Railway's (St. Louis) efforts to block by bribery, theft and other criminal procedure legislation which they deemed disadvantageous to their interests is circumstantially related by one who served the company in the capacity of special agent for twelve years. The greater part of this information has recently been aired in the St. Louis dailies but people outside of St. Louis and those who wish a permanent record of the machinations of a great corporation will be deeply interested in this book. It is written forcefully, straightforwardly and directly, with appreciation of the humorous as well as the tragic aspect of it all.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

CONTENTS

How THE PRESIDENT CAN SAVE HIS PEACE: By William Marion Reedy	431
DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: By William Marion Reedy	433
THE GROWTH OF RADICALISM: By William Marion Reedy	434
THE PROHIBITION PEST: By William Marion Reedy	435
OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS: XXVI. The Age of Reason. By Horace Flack	435
THE APOSTLE OF THE UNDER DOG: By Charles B. Mitchell	436
SEEN AND HEARD: Labor and Capital—Music. By Elizabeth R. Hunt	437
A LETTER ON IRELAND: By David E. Hinckle.....	438
PARABLES OF TODAY: By U. H.	440
DEAR ANATOLE: By Catherine Postelle	441
SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.....	441
A LORD ON LABOR: By Prof. William F. Ogburn	442
RETURN OF THE SKULL	444
MARTS AND MONEY	446
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED	430

How the President Can Save His Peace

By William Marion Reedy

PRESIDENT WILSON is coming home to tell us about the treaty of peace and why it should be approved by the United States without amendment or reservation. He should tell us all about it, but chiefly why the treaty is what it is and not what the country expected.

The opposition to the treaty is not all that of mere partisans opposed to the President in the hope of obtaining political advantage in the next presidential campaign, nor is it confined to the raving, irresponsible, irreconcilable impossibilists who wanted him to bring the millenium home in his pocket. As good people as there are in this world believe that the peace is one that departs at every point from the promises made to Germany and to the world in the fourteen points the President formulated in behalf of this country and its co-belligerents. These people are entitled to know why it is that the conference departed so widely from the announced peace programme. If they should be told exactly why the idealistic had to be sacrificed to the practical they will acknowledge the cogency of the argument of necessity and accept the peace, and they will force the senate to ratify it.

The President should tell the people why it was necessary to abandon the proposition of no annexations and no indemnities; why the peace of justice was foregone for one of vengeance. There is no doubt that the peace as framed incites in Germany the spirit of revenge. The action with regard to the Saar valley and as to Silesia is annexation, and the failure to establish a definite amount of reparation is equivalent to the imposition of an indemnity. The exclusion of Germany from the League of Nations for an indefinite time and the various economic restrictions upon her commerce and industry mean her protracted subjection to foreign rule and incalculable suffering among her people in order to pay a war bill with every obstacle placed in the way of producing the wealth with which to pay it. It means a lengthening out of the war and that, too, against non-combatants who have, by changing their form of government at the insistence of this country and its associates, complied with our demand that the world be made safe from military autocracy. The reparation terms, with the trade restrictions and the surrender of shipping mean a war after the war, and one as cruel as were the German bombardments of unfortified towns and the sinking of ships without warning. Germany is to be administered by the Allies. The country is to be held indefinitely under the menace of occupation to compel the carrying out of terms that mean poverty, disorder and hunger. Such a condition means that Germany must be a plague spot in Europe. It means that a whole people will plot

revenge, that they will germinate revolution. It will be necessary to maintain armies against the contingency of her uprising.

This was not the peace our people and those of the allied nations fought for. It is not a peace the common people of the world will stand for, because the decent-minded, honest-hearted folk of the world will not consent to stand by and observe creatures of their own kind, most of them victims of governmental deception and coercion, subjected to a long regime of destitution and hunger in expiation of the sins of a government they overthrew as soon as they were strong enough to do so, after realizing its iniquities. The German people did what we asked them to do, and they are dealt with as if they had refused to do so. Millions of German people are denied the right of self-determination, but more immediately they are denied the right to live and the opportunity to work so as to produce the reparations demanded. The terms will bring about consequences duplicating those of the peace of Paris in 1871 and the peace of Brest-Litovsk in 1918. The peace is full of the promise of more war. Its terms are calculated, in their severity, to incite Germany to exactly those activities which it is proposed to guard against by the President's promise to ask the United States Senate to ratify a pledge to go to the assistance of France in the event of an attack upon her by Germany. They will drive Germany to joining fortunes with another outlawed people—the Russians. And the economic repression of Germany will not benefit other nations. They can only benefit when Germany is restored to her position in the world as a producer of wealth, a buyer and a seller of goods. Most thinking Americans feel that this country should have been too proud to join with the Allies in the imposition of a peace of revenge—of revenge not upon an insane, autocratic government, but upon a people who supported that government under compulsion, as the greater number of people of the allied nations supported their governments.

The people of the United States did not go to war for such a peace. They went to war to end war, and they find that the peace has prepared the way for more war. They went to war for freedom everywhere and they find that there is to be no freedom for the German people. Not that only, but they find that they shall have to maintain armies and navies and pay heavy taxes to keep the German people in a condition of exhausted, despondent but desperate servility. They will have to pay what the hard terms on Germany will prevent the German people from paying. They will have to bear the burden of keeping under in the heart of Europe another Ireland that shall be as expensive and as deadly to Europe as Ireland has been to Great Britain. The common people do not want that. They

are protesting against it in England, in France and in Italy and in this country. They expect that President Wilson will explain why it is that, as a representative of this nation, he had to abandon all those proposals of peace terms that were the antitheses of those that have been forced upon Germany. The President should tell us why he yielded the greater number of his fourteen points.

The world would like to know why the secret treaties of the Allies, parcelling out the Near East among themselves, were upheld by a conference assembled in the name of the abolition of secret diplomacy. An explanation should be forthcoming of the recognition of the Kolchak faction in Russia. Is it based solely on the Kolchak promise to pay the debts contracted by the Czar, to keep the Russian people in bondage and to gain control of Constantinople? We should like to know why the Lenine and Trotzky government is outlawed, when that government offered to refuse to sign the Brest-Litovsk treaty if the Allies and ourselves would assure it of assistance and supplies, holding the soviet for four days awaiting the promise that never came. Why are we warring upon Russia or upon a particular faction in Russia when all that those people did was to set up a government of their own? Why are we setting up the Omsk government when we condemn the Bolsheviks for assenting at the cannon's mouth to the governments set up in Western Russia by the German autocracy? Why have we given over China to the rule of Japan? We have been told that Japan will, in time, relinquish Shantung. Look at the map and see how Japan has completely surrounded the Yellow sea. With Manchuria on the north, Korea and Japan herself on the east, Formosa on the south and Shantung on the west, both the Yellow sea and the East China sea are as completely bottled up as we have bottled up the Gulf of Mexico. Shantung makes the control complete. No one who looks at the map can believe that such control was acquired to be surrendered on a mere "gentlemen's agreement." And China's representatives at the peace conference, designing to sign the treaty with reservations on the subject of Shantung, were persuaded that it was better not to sign at all. China was one of this country's associates in the war, yet she is made the victim of Japanese annexation, merely getting absolution of payment of the Boxer indemnity to Germany and the restoration of those ancient astronomical instruments, seized in the Boxer rebellion, which Germany long before the war had already agreed to return. This action is the most atrociously abominable of all the blasphemies against the propositions for world peace which President Wilson formulated. It smashes every one of the fourteen points. It is a peace of rape against a friend, not an enemy. The performance carries out another secret treaty and it is only too plainly a weakening of the Western Powers before the arrogance of the newly risen power in the East. It is a piece of injustice and a piece of cowardice. The people of this country would like to have President Wilson explain why they should insist that their senate should ratify such a transaction wherein we consent, after the manner of Frederick the Great, to the robbery of an ally we had promised to defend.

President Wilson should tell us why the sum fixed by both British and American experts as the limit of Germany's capacity to pay, should have been set aside for an indeterminate amount, when Germany herself asked that the reparation be placed at about ten billions more than those experts prac-

tically agreed upon. It was this that brought about the protest of General Jan Smuts against the reparation terms when he signed the treaty.

So far as the League of Nations is concerned, this country's joining it would seem to be necessary. It is either that or stay outside of it and arm against two leagues in Europe—the Entente Allies and a Russo-German combination. By staying with it, this country can possibly shape the League to good ends. By staying out and leaving Europe to the old devices of balances of power, we condemn the world to a go-as-you-please competition in armament and catch-as-catch-can alliances, mostly offensive. But President Wilson should tell us why Germany should be kept out of the League when she has asked in humility poorly disguised as arrogance, for admittance. The Germany of today is not the Germany of 1914. The Germany of today is the German people, and we said we were fighting for them. Now we are fighting against them. And why are we fighting the people of Hungary? Is it because they have self-determined that they will have a soviet government? Did we not proclaim that right for every people? There must be some good reason that President Wilson can give us for such a surrender of one of the most important of the fourteen points. We may assent, with strong instinctive mental reservations, that there is an excuse for the conference doing nothing for Ireland, now held in military occupation, or for India and Egypt, where self-determinative revolutionists are being bombed from airplanes—that the conference could not interfere with the domestic status quo of the Allies and ourselves; but we should like to have the President tell us why he comes back to us having accomplished nothing for those subject peoples, and what guarantee there is that under the League of Nations the mandatory nations will not absorb the natural resources and control the lives of their wards, even as the backward people of African and other colonies have been so absorbed, dominated and egregiously exploited in the past. Shall mandatories be a euphemism for "spheres of influence" and "peace penetration"?

Americans are a common-sense folk. They know very well that the President could not get all the idealistic things he went after to Paris. They know it was give-and-take at the conference and that counsels of perfection had to give way before the demands of passions like hatred and fear and national ambition. They did not expect that the Allies would ecstatically immolate themselves in self-denying ordinances, now that they had their enemy down, but they did not anticipate that the peace would confirm all the Allies in everything they had taken and secure all assurances of their own safety by an arrangement that makes this country *particeps criminis* in establishing the world for themselves as against a possible renaissance of Germany. The United States gets nothing for itself. The sad thing is that it got so little for so many other peoples struggling to be free. Wherever it gained anything for anyone it is always, finally, not solely in the interests of the new nations set up in business, but for the use and benefit of those great nations who chiefly feared Germany. It is well to break the power of Germany, of course, but the breaking has been done solely to the strengthening of the other Powers whose imperial achievements she emulated and bunglingly imitated. It is absurd to find our politicians chiefly concerned to make sure that our joining the League of Nations does not prevent us from carrying out

imperialistic designs under the aegis of the Monroe Doctrine. It is more absurd to hear our statesmen complaining that our membership in the League of Nations may prevent us from maintaining a big army and a big navy. The people are little concerned about the alleged sacrifice of our sovereignty. They were willing that we should make such a sacrifice for the maintenance of peace. They want to know, though, whether the peace that has been signed is one that can endure. They do not see that the terms are such as assure this. They want to know why the terms fail to assure peace, what the reasons are for the acceptance of such a peace that fructifies not only in war but in revolution.

Only President Woodrow Wilson can tell them. What were the springs of action in his yielding to something other than a people's peace? He should tell us the secrets of the diplomacy of which we see only the results in an apparent abandonment of the programme his announcement of which caused the people of all countries to hail him as the savior of the world. Why did he recede from his own high faith and hope and assent to a peace which is opposed to the interests of the world's workers, who have been cannon fodder for ages? Can it be that his idealism went down to dusty defeat on so many points because he could not stand out against the force of international banking interests looking out for the fat pickings from "a receivership for civilization?" Did "a world made safe for democracy" have to make way for an arrangement whereby the holders of the bonds of European nations shall be protected from loss? The United States admittedly must help Europe to get on its feet, but must we help the European powers pay their war debts? Those powers want us to do so, according to Mr. Frank Vanderlip. They would bring us in to prevent any such thing as radicals propose both there and here, namely, a drastic levy upon or conscription of capital in order to relieve the poorer folk of an intolerable burden of taxation. It seems odd that Senator Knox of Pennsylvania should declare this, but he does. President Wilson should tell us if the peace that is to crush the German people is to crush all other people, too, under a load of an hundred billions of indebtedness. The exhausted peoples cannot stand such a drain and strain. They will overturn all governments rather. President Wilson should clear up all this. He is the only man who can do so. He has let no other man into full knowledge of the situation.

The President alone has the facts about the conference at Paris. If the covenants were not "openly arrived at" it is time to open up the details of the proceedings culminating in the covenants. The President should tell us what he had to contend against and why the forces in opposition were too strong for him, and in what particulars his surrender was for the higher good; why compromise was better than obstinate adhesion to his principles. Every American understands that politics, in an imperfect world, is a matter of accepting second bests, because the perfect best is unattainable. The peace the President fetches home is not the perfect best he sought. It is incumbent upon him to show that it is the best second-best instead of the worst that he could have accomplished, as his enemies maintain. If he can do this the people will stand by his peace and insist upon its ratification by the senate.

Perfectionists say that the German people should have rejected the peace of violence and

revenge, though it meant the starvation of millions under the blockade. They say now that we should reject the peace because it is not the peace we sought, even though our action should throw Europe back into endless wars between nations and the people into starvation, revolution and a long night of semi-savage ignorance. The advocates of an ideal peace maintain in fact that no peace is better than any peace that is not the perfection of human justice. The American people will not so view the subject. But they must be shown that the second best in this matter of peace was the very best that could have been wrought, all things considered. They will believe, they will listen to no one but the Presi-

dent in extenuation of so much of failure as he may have met in his efforts. They know that not failure but low aim is crime. The one and only way in which the President can assure the ratification of the peace is by taking the people into his confidence and showing them how and why it was and is that he could not get the peace he sought, and had to accept the one he got, as better than quitting the conference, abandoning all the peoples of Europe to immeasurable woe and involving us in the universal cataclysm. He should tell the American people what happened in the conference to annul his efforts, and he should tell it as he would tell it, in his closet, to his God.

Democratic Presidential Possibilities

By William Marion Reedy

POLITICIANS are discussing the next Democratic nominee for the presidency. Some of them think, and some of them do not, that Woodrow Wilson will consent to be a candidate again. I think that the Democratic party's declaration against a third term are not binding upon Woodrow Wilson. Nothing is binding on that gentleman, when the time comes for him to change his mind. He is our supreme American pragmatist, compared with whom Theodore Roosevelt was an incarnate categorical imperative. He would take a third term, if he were able to get it, and provided there were not something more attractive in sight, like the position of supreme moderator of the League of Nations, for example. The probable candidacy of the President for another term is assumed by most people, because of a lack, real or imaginary, of available candidates other than he, in the party. In fact, it seems that, in popular opinion, he is the party. Still the party has persisted in spite of the fact that other leaders seemed at times to be the only man it had for president. The only evidence I have seen that the President will not run again, is the printed story that a large tract of land has been purchased in California for him and his son-in-law, Mr. McAdoo, where he is said to have decided to take up his home and enter upon the task of writing the authoritative and stylistic history of the Great War, in which he has played such an important part. The postponement of the writing of that history to a period beyond a possible third term would be bad business. That history must be the first one on the market.

Mr. Wilson doubtless can renominate himself if he wants to, especially if he carries through the Senate his League of Nations program. This now seems likely. The only opposition to him in his party, as far as is in evidence, is that of Senators Reed of Missouri and Gore of Oklahoma. They are not dominant leaders, but malcontents. Mr. Bryan hasn't said anything that is indicative of his attitude towards the President as a third-term candidate, but it is generally assumed that he is an anti-third term on general principles, and would oppose Mr. Wilson. It was Mr. Bryan, by the way, who said that, after the presidency of Mr. Wilson, there would be a Wilson party, but not a Democratic party. That is regarded as a fulfilled prophecy, at Washington. There is no one to match Mr. Wilson in the Democratic party, but if he won't run some one will have to be nominated.

It is to be taken for granted that there is no one in the Senate, on the Democratic side, who can be considered available. Reed, of Missouri, has made a record for himself, but it isn't a record that will induce his party to consider his nomination. He has opposed the President at so many points that he is out of the question. Champ Clark, also of Missouri, is sometimes suggested for nomination, but there is no sign of a boom for Mr. Clark in the country. Those wise folk who claim to know all about capital machinations say that the President has fixed upon Secretary of War Baker for his successor, if there is to be a Democratic successor. The politicians do not like Mr. Baker. They could not get anything much from him before or during the war. He doesn't care for political friends and therefore has none. That there can be urged against certain details of his administration of the war office criticism out of which the opposition can make some useful capital is admitted. But it is also true that, taking the war-office achievement as a whole, it was stupendously successful and, moreover, transcendently clean. The war department did more than the world thought it could do. It put three million men over the ocean and administered the finishing stroke to Teutonic prowess. No opposition can deny that. The politicians in his own party cannot criticize Mr. Baker's public service. They can only say he is not a good man to get jobs from, that he won't listen to advice for the party's good. That would not help to secure state delegations for him in the national convention.

How about Josephus Daniels? The navy, of which he is the head, made a glorious showing of readiness and efficiency in the war, but Mr. Daniels comes from too far South, and that rules him out of consideration.

We do not hear so much as we did about the probable candidacy for the nomination of William Gibbs McAdoo. He was in the running, according to the politicians, while he was Secretary of the Treasury and Director of the Railroad Administration, but since his resignation of those posts he is not so seriously discussed. His good record in both those official capacities seems to be forgotten. That he is President Wilson's son-in-law seems not to be to his political advantage. His nomination would look like too much Wilson. For while there are many politicians who think that it may be necessary to renominate Wilson, there are not many who want to renominate him unless it shall appear that he is the only man who stands a chance of election.

We hear now and then that Governor Cox, of Ohio, is being sized up for the nomination. He has been, according to common report, a very good governor of that state, though hardly representative of the more progressive elements, and the old superstition that Ohio men are lucky presidential candidates dies hard. Ohio is still a doubtful state, but it is doubtful that it is now the pivotal state it used to be. So with New York. The Democratic war horses of the latter state are saying their party must carry New York in order to win. Therefore they talk of the necessity of nominating for president the present governor of that state, Mr. Alfred Smith. That Mr. Smith has been a good governor the country knows. Indeed he has been a very good governor. But the West doesn't care how good a governor may be, if he is a Tammany man, and Smith is Tammany of Tammany. The Democrats can do without New York. Mr. Wilson was elected the last time though New York went for his opponent, Mr. Hughes.

There is another possibility or probability of whom we have not heard much recently. That is Brand Whitlock, ambassador to Belgium. To mention him is to evoke pictures of a man rendering heroic service in trying and even tragic conditions, for four or even five years. He is one of the few heroes of the war. But the kind of politicians who start booms do not like him. He was enough of a politician to become mayor of Toledo. His mayoralty of Toledo, however, meant no more to the boys of the machine than did Newton Baker's mayoralty of Cleveland, as successor to Tom L. Johnson. The politicians could get nothing from him. He was a reformer. Whitlock, like Baker, is rather more of a small d than a big D democrat. He goes farther than Baker in the matter of belief in things no Democratic convention has ever yet dared to put into national platform. Whitlock would appeal to the popular imagination, but he doesn't look like a practical proposition to the men who pick and elect delegates to national conventions. Still there will be a necessity imposed upon the Democratic convention to give to the party ticket a strong flavor of sentiment related to the war; and Whitlock, even as Baker, and indeed in some respects even more than Baker, would supply it, as Whitlock's position in the war, and his personality, were and are more picturesquely romantic than Baker's. In the matter of party credit for the success of the war, Whitlock and Baker are second only in popular appeal to President Wilson himself, with Josephus Daniels out of consideration, because of his geographical misplacement. It will be noted, too, that Whitlock is an Ohio man. There are three of them in the field of discussion.

Somewhat before the war, quite a number of people thought that Mr. Louis D. Brandeis was a possible Democratic nominee for president, but there has been no talk about him in some time. As a member of the Supreme Court he is probably better placed for good service to democracy than he would be in the White House. I have not heard anyone suggest Colonel E. Mandell House as the next nominee. When I mentioned him the other day, a senator said House wouldn't do because he had had one term as assistant president, without being nominated, elected or confirmed by the senate, and it remained to be seen whether he was an asset or a liability. Colonel House may have something to say about naming the candidate, but he himself will hardly be seriously reckoned among aspirants to the office. If there are any other possibilities or probabilities in the Democratic party I have not heard them seriously pro-

posed. Oklahoma has organized for Senator Owen, "a favorite son." He would be and he is more than that, but the party is not likely to go to such a new state for a candidate. His location more than anything else is against Owen.

It is only too apparent, in this brief summary of the Democratic political prospects, that Wilson dominates the situation. There may be, there is, strong opposition to him, but his prestige is overwhelming. He has identified the party, the war, the country, with himself, so that all other men look small beside him. All issues are made to center in him, but curiously enough, there does appear to be an impreson that, though Mr. Wilson can be renominated if he wishes to be, he cannot be elected. What the foundations for this opinion are would require a volume for their exposition. Chiefly they are the realignment of the Republican party after its eight years of division, and the disappointment of both the radical and the old-line Democrats with the Wilson presidential performances, in so far as they fall short of his eloquent professions, and with his imperial manner of doing things.

The Growth of Radicalism

By William Marion Reedy

MR. WILLIAM C. EDGAR, owner and editor of *The Bellman*, of Minneapolis, writes that paper's "Farewell" in last week's issue. The periodical was an honor to weekly journalism in the United States, typographically handsome, editorially sane, without stodginess in its conservatism, devoted to the consideration of serious affairs but not without frequent dignified humor, publishing excellent poetry and short fiction and criticism that was critical but neither hypercritical nor vagaristic. Ever a pleasure it was to read *The Bellman*. It was the finest thing that came out of Minneapolis and into the ken of a country-wide clientele. For thirteen years it continued without lapsing from its high standard. And now it bids us adieu in a valedictory that is as fine as it is restrained in feeling. *The Bellman* did not fail. It was a financial success, in that it did not lose money, if it did not show large profits. Mr. Edgar says that "while *The Bellman* remains a confirmed optimist regarding the future of the world and especially of this country, he is not so sanguine concerning the prospects ahead for the individual and distinctive publication, especially if it be somewhat old-fashioned and conservative in its tendencies. Other times and other manners, also other journals to suit them." And so *The Bellman* retires from the scene.

The event is significant. The country, the world in fact, seems to have gone radical with a vengeance. There is but one truly conservative weekly of note left in the field and that is *The Argonaut* of San Francisco. I am excluding from consideration Col W. D'Alton Mann's *Town Topics* of New York, the representative society weekly of this nation. The once conservative New York *Nation* has become so radical in tone, that now the erstwhile advanced and super-progressive *New Republic* and the Veblenian *Dial* "toil after it in vain," like "panting Time" after Shakespeare, in the poem. Then there is Max Eastman's paper, *The Liberator*, often repressed but insuppressible in its forceful intransigence. *The Public* remains radical, with a strong res-

If he wins his League of Nations fight, however, the prospect of defeating him, if nominated, may become less inviting, because the people like a winner.

There maybe a "dark horse" in the Democratic stable, of course, but it is hardly likely. Mr. Wilson can, with the assistance of Mr. Bryan, name the candidate. I don't think Mr. Bryan himself is a probability. His political racing days are done. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan might pick a winner from among the men I have named—that is if Mr. Bryan can bring himself to agreement with Mr. Wilson in the new conditions. Mr. Bryan possibly may have nothing to do with Mr. Wilson, if the latter does not appear to Mr. Bryan to be quite dry enough. And this suggests that prohibition will cut some figure both as to nomination and election. But how much? Prohibition will be a fact before the nominations are made. How will the liberal vote and the liquor vote be affected? The personal libertarians will be sore, but what can they do in revenge, since both the big parties are equally responsible for the Great Drouth?

ervation against all fault-finding with President Wilson and his policies; it does not make so much headway with so-called radicals as it might, for the reason, as I see it, that the remedy it proposes for the evils against which most of the intelligentsia inveigh has one fatal defect—it will work. The remedy is the single tax. Even the venerable *Atlantic Monthly* now publishes articles by Herbert Wilton Stanley, whose other name is Harold Lord Varney, an accredited organizer of and lecturer for the I. W. W., who has written ably in Reedy's MIRROR, in favor of the Bolshevik theory of society and government, and finds its circulation increasing. It is very evident that radicalism is "what the people want," and the hotter the radicalism, the more they want of it.

I need hardly point out that in the field of daily journalism the most successful papers in the big cities are those least amenable to influence from big business. Everywhere the papers that are most subservient to the power of that conservatism in business which favors the "hush" policy with regard to discontent, are the papers that have least circulation and generally least advertising, and are pounding on the financial rocks. There is one fairly successful socialist daily, *The Call*, of New York, supported chiefly I believe by contributions mostly in small amounts from the rank and file of the party.

All the most effective books, recently, are of a radical tendency and the New Poetry is, in the main, frankly socialistic, if not anarchistic. Even the espionage acts and the censorship are unavailing to stop the stream of protest and denunciation against things as they are. Journals a few years ago regarded as liberal to a degree are now condemned as parts of "the kept press," though such "kept" papers as I know or suspect are very poorly "kept" at that.

The only sign I see of any reaction against the radical rage, if one may call it so, is the recent inauguration of *The Review* of New York, to whose arrival *The Bellman* cries "Hail" in the same issue in which it chants

its own "Farewell." *The Review* aspires evidently to take the conservative position once held by *The Nation*, now gone out into the wilds with Ishmael, under the brilliant direction of Oswald Garrison Villard, with a renaissance of that passion which characterized the earlier Garrison's abolitionist *Liberator*. It is capitalized for \$200,000, subscribed by men and women in the different big cities of the country, but the stockholders are not to have anything to say about its editorial policies. *The Review* is devoted to "the preservation of American ideals and American principles of government." I have seen two numbers of this weekly. It is not an exhilarating publication. It is all at sixes and sevens with the *Zeitgeist*. It's like reading an old book in support of the geocentric theory of the universe to peruse *The Review*. Almost you expect to turn the page and find an able article condemnatory of such innovations as electricity and steam in human service. There was no such conservatism as the *Review's* in *The Bellman*, whose bell tinkles away into silence. *The Review* looks to me like a reaction that won't amount to much. Its antiquatedness of social, economic and political view is positively laughable when contrasted with the liberalism of *America*, the Roman Catholic, so-called Jesuit review, now in its twenty-first volume. Some of the most forceful criticism of the League of Nations, that I have seen, from the point of view of internationalism, has appeared in *America* and it gives frequent indications of being able to distinguish some reason in the spread of Bolshevism. *America* I should class with the liberal papers, but I expect to find *The Review* thundering in the index against the recent social manifesto of the Roman Catholic bishops.

That delightfully cultured weekly, *The Villager*, of Katonah, New York, recently, coming to the front by sheer worth of good writing and sound, if conservative, thinking, is radical compared with *Harvey's Weekly*. Col. Harvey is clever and sharp, but in his writing you can always see him reading that note in which President Wilson asked him to quit supporting his candidacy for President because the support hurt more than it helped. Col. Harvey's paper is neither conservative nor radical: it is simply rabid, and entertainingly so, against Wilson. It is too bad Marse Henry Watterson has not a weekly to show us and Col. Harvey how to oppose Wilsonism. He's the most vivacious of them all, but Col. Watterson, I am afraid, would find *The Review* extremely narcotic. The best of the periodicals that are trying to stem the radical tide is *The Villager* aforesaid, and I am not forgetting either Henry Holt & Company's most excellent, graceful, powerful quarterly the *Unpartizan Review*, changed with the current number, from its former title *The Unpopular Review*. I don't like the change in name, but will put up with it because it carries no change in the enlivening spirit of the contents. *The Unpartizan Review* is a tonic for anyone whose inner head isn't a delirious dervish dance of uncoordinated, embryotic ideas and unstabilized phantasmagoriae. For a truly conservative weekly I turn again to San Francisco and there I find two—the solid, but far from stolid, *Argonaut*, heretofore mentioned, and Mr. Bonnet's *Town Talk*, the latter rather staid as to editorial policy but showing the cloven hoof of radicalism in its essays, fiction and poetry.

These are bad days for conservative periodicalism. The unconventional thinkers are on top. And why? Because nearly every

individual person in the United States at the present time is a socialist or an anarchist as to some institution or government policy—everybody, that is, except Ed. W. Howe of Atchison, whose *Howe's Monthly*, "of Information and Indignation," is the raciest, rippingest, raspiest, defender of the status quo—except as to revealed religion, radicalism, journalism, feminism and a few other things. Ed. Howe is so conservative he's a radical against radicalism and indeed he's doing good service in his blasting of fake social reforms and all the world of sentimental sob-stuff.

Radicalism is the order. Don't make any mistake about that. If you want to find Bolshevism, talk to many of our returned soldiers. Keep your ears open in the streets cars. Listen to the workers in the factories, the men engaged on new buildings, the clerks in the stores. The mood slightly below the surface everywhere is one of discontent and defiance. The worst thing I can say about this mood of the people is that its defiant discontent is desperate—hopeless. And this is not bettered by prohibition, governmental espionage, suppression of the press and speech, raids on headquarters of nonconformist propaganda, imprisonment of men and women for opinion's

sake. Conservatism is in a stupor from which it seems only to awake in fits and starts of senseless panic. It is paralyzed before the symptoms of revolt. It is playing into the hands of radicals through such performances as the opposition of the Republican party in the senate to the peace treaty and the League of Nations, with the implied threat of Haman-high tariffs and hard fighting against concessions to organized labor instead of conciliation. It gives all kinds of aid and comfort to the revolutionary elements. It goes ahead smashing away at public and private liberty, playing, in the case of the Republicans, at politics on a heaving volcano. Conservatism wants a restoration of the world before the war. That world has passed away never to return. *The Bellman* saw the coming of the trouble and gracefully tolled its own knell, dying with a grace that half redeems its cause. And the conservative press and the conservative statesmen are doing nothing to allay the intelligent discontent preached and fostered by the increasingly successful radical publications. We are all radicals now. It is radical rather than conservative opinion here that imperils our acceptance of the League of Nations.

The Prohibition Pest

By William Marion Reedy

PROHIBITION is here. That 2.75 per cent stuff permitted to be sold is no good. And the Prohibitionists will make arid any gap between demobilization and the date that prohibition is effective by constitutional amendment. All the newspaper furor over the demise of John Barleycorn has not helped the liquor interests. They are beyond help, because in their greed they were beyond reason. They cared little or nothing for the law and now the law has got them. Not for a long time will there be any hope for a lifting of the ban on beer and light wines with any authority in them, for this reason: if a man has a right to drink them he has a right to drink the harder stuff. There is talk that prohibition cannot be enforced. It can and will be, for there will be a large political interest in enforcing it. An army of men will find jobs in enforcing it. Juries will not convict offenders at first, but means have been devised to get around that through actions in equity and injunctions and proceedings in contempt. The people generally will get used to doing without liquor.

The thing the people will not so easily get used to doing without is liberty. For, now that the fanatics have fleshed their fangs in the body of personal freedom they will want to feast upon it. They will want more and more to exercise direct control of other men's morals. They got their Mann act, with its facilities for blackmail. Now they have prohibition of drinking spirituous and malt liquors. Soon it will be the order of the day to prohibit the near-beer drinks and then cigarettes and tobacco generally. There are already people abroad who want to "put God in the Constitution"; they will not for long restrain themselves from exacting a religious test oath as a *conditio sine qua non* of citizenship. They will be invading the marriage bed next and compelling and superintending compulsory parenthood. This, indeed, already has begun in the proscription of the propagandists of voluntary parenthood and the imprisonment of the advocates of birth control. Neither a man's nor a woman's body or soul is to be his or her own. The individual will

be a chattel of the state, with snooping officials prying into the most private and sacred intimacies. Lovers' and married folks' kisses will be limited in number and possible only under counters' eyes and clicked on registers. The blighting of the joy of life in freedom will grow to be an universal occupation of officialdom, the outdoor and indoor sport of appointed busybodies. This sort of thing, carried out as it bids fair to be carried out in the near future, will tend to madden ordinary decent folks into devils. We are bedeviled now by interferences with our affairs in an hundred ways not known in times since the kirk conducted its espionage system in Scotland so as to try to discover if a man or woman was thinking evil. Free thought, free press, free speech are under ban. The government probes all our business affairs. The government prophylaxists strip us bare and search out our secret diseases. We are controlled in our drinking and in our eating. The post office department tries to direct our thinking by prescribing what we shall read. Prohibition from the outside takes the part of voluntary inhibition. Our free will is in a fair way to be paralyzed from lack of use.

And the people who are wishing all these things upon us are neither as many as nor more worthily powerful than the rest of us. They are people whose morals are innocent of the supreme virtue of all—charity. Prohibition is the last iniquity of self-proclaimed superior persons. Their superiority is purely in their own assumption. They lack real mind, and heart and soul. It is the beginning of the downfall of a free people, the individual members of which have been wont to take their chance with man and God on the merit or demerit of their autogenetic conduct. The inauguration of the real era of slave morality is upon us. And the worst of it is that we, the majority, neither whores nor knaves nor drunkards nor wastrels, make no effective protest against it, while our coward representatives cringe to the viciously vociferous minorities among their constituencies. We have prohibition because we deserve it by our moral spinelessness.

Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XXVI—THE AGE OF REASON

I SUPPOSE that Benjamin Franklin was, on the whole, the wisest or most nearly rational man of the eighteenth century. He studied his own worst habits more than any other man I know of in his own times and he seems to be fully aware that he had a capacity for making the worst blunders, which increased with the increase of knowledge others so greatly admired in him, that finally, after it was found impossible to suppress or ignore him, the great universities hastened to recognize him with degrees and titles—all implying that he had become a superman whom the world might trust blindfold, never to lead it into a ditch.

As no other American in the eighteenth century seems to be so much afraid of being wrong and misleading others, I can hold Franklin the wisest American until I am informed of some one else who is his superior in this respect. The question will not be one of the mere facts, but of the final disposition. Perhaps the blunders of which Franklin became aware only when it was too late to prevent others from being misled, affected more lives than were affected by the worst blunders of any score of worse men, but as far as I comprehend what Franklin means for life now, it belongs to the quarter of a century or more he spent in trying to become reasonable, so as to be fit for a "new order of the ages"—an "Age of Reason," which was about to begin, as was then supposed.

When the promise of this new order of the ages was put on the great seal of the United States, it was done by men who had risked their lives for what they wished to secure for themselves and posterity. If we must now conclude that they were mistaken, their mistake has been ours also, and we may still thank them for their hope—which must still be ours also.

We may now learn clearly enough that what was beginning to arrive in the second half of the eighteenth century was not the Age of Reason, for the world in general, or for any country in it, but only the Age of Intellect.

I suppose that the world was more intellectual between 1868 and 1918 than in any other half century of its history. I suppose that there are more intellectual men and women in Turkey now than there were in England in the time of Shakespeare. I suppose that in England and Germany, or in the United States and Germany in 1910, the number of intellectual men and women was at least ten times as great in its combined total as the combined total of all the countries of the world in 1710, or 1610, or any other given period before the period when with the "limit off," we discovered the North Pole, learned to fly, to manufacture trinitrotoluol and poison gas and to use the wireless telegraph politically in trying to control the lives of others, regardless of distance.

Such things as these—as illustrations of others it would take long to mention, even if we should now wish to do so—are certainly proof, as far as proof is possible, of the existence of an Age of Intellect, developing its own logical and inevitable climax. If we may now dare hope that this climax has been reached and passed, then the question, if we do not lose hope, becomes a question of dates.

We may still hope for the "new order of the ages," for the "Age of Reason," in which the American people, free and reasonable, were expected to lead the world, as it became free and responsible. And we may hope for it reasonably as a certainty, to be realized from a beginning ("*Dies Rationis*," it has been called) when we ourselves recognize the realities of the life we have assumed to represent at its best—as we can begin to do only by the beginning to learn the meaning of our own worst.

There is no novelty—nothing strange and foreign to our lives or our hopes—in this reality of the beginnings of reason. Perhaps I might become more intellectual and less reasonable (if not so already) this year than it was possible for anyone to become during the lifetime of Franklin and Washington. I do not say that among the Supermen and Superwomen, who are now intellectual beyond all the records of recorded time, there is less reason now than in any other century. I suggest only the possibility that I myself might perhaps become more intellectual and less rational this year or next than any one could have become between 1420 and 1720. If so, there will be nothing novel in the experience—except for me in person. I have just read in a very ancient language the record of a similar experience. When the man who felt the symptoms of mind collapsing as intellect increased, wrote the passage which begins (as I

have read it) "*Deus, Tu Scis*," I suppose he was on his knees:

"O God, you know my shame—
How often I have been a fool.
How often I have sinned and failed—
To you alone, that can be known;
I do not shirk the blame.
But this I pray, that none grow cool
Because of me, who love your name—
That none, who otherwise had prevailed,
Shall turn from you, because of me, and fail as I
have failed."

Franklin might have prayed such a prayer—and meant it—at eighty years. And I suppose that even the most highly intellectual person who can pray it now—and mean it—still has a chance left to become reasonable. In spite of the increase of Supermen and Superwomen, the Age of Reason is not impossible, let us hope.

The Apostle of the Under Dog—

By Charles H. Mitchell

OF COURSE all kinds of people, by accident or devious design, get places on newspapers—I have even had a little whirl at it myself; but, when you get hold of a typical, representative journalist, you generally find him more or less of a failure as a social philosopher. Such a man isn't usually noted for big, broad, far-reaching views of the things that are happening in his world. The reason is not far to seek, if you just stop to think. The news of the hour keeps his mind too busy for very much, or very deep reflection. Today drives yesterday so far into the background that it is difficult to detect anything but a chronological relation between events lying on either side of the gulf of sleep. I know that I am exaggerating, but I am exaggerating a truth. The great defect of the journalistic mind is its intellectual opportunism, its deficiency in the senses of continuity and causal relatedness. Perhaps this may suggest the reason why no great journalist has ever risen to the presidency, while a multitude of little journalists have been made country postmasters.

But Emerson said nothing new when he insisted that this is a universe of compensations; every mental defect has its compensating advantages. The social philosopher may cover a wide range of ground, but when it comes to the individual fact his vision is blindness compared with that of the trained journalist. The journalist isolates the fact; walks all around it; shows us every side of it; describes it as it is in itself. When he gets through, we may not know why it happened, or what the consequences will be; but we do know what *did* happen. (That is, provided the journalist can get by the censor!)

The journalist and the social philosopher and critic are not properly competitors. They work best when they recognize each other's proper and distinctive place in a division of intellectual labor. The journalist's descriptions of events furnish ideal material for the social philosopher. Each event is so clearly individualized, when the journalism is of a high and adequate type, that the thinker's mind is very little obstructed in the search for relations between it and accompanying, subsequent or preceding facts. And when a first-class journalist writes a series of stories, out of his own experience, each story a history in itself, as complete and clear-cut as an antique cameo, the thoughtful reader may well prepare himself for a feast. He will get it, if he reads "My Story," by Fremont Older, which ran serially in the *San Francisco Call*, and is now issued in book form.

I hope that I can succeed, by this article, in persuading some of my readers to send for the book. Some of them, I presume, will read this article as a friend of mine in Montclair, New Jersey, once said that he was attending the lectures of Prof. Edward Howard Griggs on Faust—to save the necessity of reading the book. Before I get down to the subject itself, just a word to introduce Older.

So far as history teaches, there are only three ways for a man who lives on the Pacific Coast to make his name a household word in America. He may make himself a national figure in literature, like Jack London or Bret Harte; or blow up a preparedness parade; or, like Hiram Johnson, get into a conspicuous cage in the national political circus at Washington. You notice, by the way, that I didn't think it necessary to mention Tom Mooney's name; it is evident that a man can get a wider reputation by the alleged use of explosives than by going into literature or politics. Older, unfortunately, has hardly entitled himself to nation-wide fame in either of these spheres, although it is doubtful if the Mooney bomb startled the Pacific Coast any more profoundly than Older's appeal for mercy to Abe Ruef. But there are some of us who have had our eyes on him for years. We could only see him dimly, for the distance, but what we could see looked like one of the most original and picturesque figures in American life.

We knew his career only in the most general outline; and that outline suggested a man living and thinking by the day, pushing onward and upward with a truly great-minded disregard for consistency—a typical journalist. We knew that he had begun life work as a workman in a newspaper composing room; that he had made himself a reporter and a city editor; and that he had finally become editor, years ago, of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. We had heard that as an editor he was sensational and successful. The outstanding fact about him was, that he had hounded Abe Ruef into the penitentiary, and then had turned around to plead for his parole. Of late years we had heard of him as an incessant advocate of mercy for Mooney. Finally, we had heard that for his pro-Mooney activities the *Bulletin* had fired him, and that the *Call* had caught him on the first bounce.

When I read "My Story," I saw the explanation of the seeming inconsistencies. It was simply that Older was a man who had dared to grow. He still retains the journalist's habit of treating life too much in episodes; but the episodes of 1910, for instance, are seen through the eyes of a different man from the one who looked and commented on those of 1896. He sacrificed his editorial position on the *Bulletin*, where he had done his life work, rather than abandon the fight for Mooney. He says, himself, that when he took that editorship, in 1895, "I had no ideals about life, and no enthusiasms beyond newspaper success."

The book itself begins at this point. The *Bulletin*, when Older and R. A. Crothers took hold of it, was a derelict. The early chapters show Older getting it into seaworthy condition. The story soon swings into a history of the graft prosecutions against Schmitz, Abe Ruef, and the President and General Attorney of the United Railroads. Then Older ex-

plains why, when the anti-graft campaign had been brought to an inglorious fizzle by the attitude of "the best people of San Francisco," he turned around to help Ruef to lay aside the stripes he had done so much to clothe him in. From this point on, in the thirty-sixth to the fiftieth chapters, he gives a series of sketches of criminals whose fate had awakened his sympathies, and made him concentrate his thinking very largely on questions of penology. The "Conclusion," in which he sums up his still growing, still somewhat hazy views on these questions, reminding one of the views of Clarence Darrow, as expressed in his famous address to the inhabitants of Cook County Jail, brings the book to a close in a paragraph which is a model of simplicity, humanity, self-judgment, and a wistful, heart-hurting expression of a desire to help far more than he can.

"I have said before," he concludes, "I am not at all sure about remedies. An intelligent economic readjustment will help, but I cannot resist the belief that the ill-working of our social system is due to causes that are deeply rooted in ourselves. Malice, hate, envy, greed and hypocrisy, and a desire to get even for wrongs—real or fancied—are deep-seated qualities that make it impossible for us to achieve a higher and finer life. The task of overcoming these persisting traits of character is a discouraging one, and it is a task that belongs to each one of us. Constant vigilance and effort is necessary, even through a long life, to materially lessen these qualities in ourselves. To make any progress at all it would require all of our time, and unless we loafed on the job we have none to devote to the conduct of the other fellow. If we undertook this struggle in real earnest we should soon discover in ourselves the same qualities we had condemned in our neighbor, and we should no longer judge, 'Leaving justice to God, who knows all things, and content ourselves with mercy, whose mistakes are not so irreparable.'"

I loaned the book to a brilliant newspaper friend of mine, and he returned it with two criticisms. The first was, that the diction of the book was slovenly. He had expected to find Older a better stylist than he proved to be. The paragraph I have just quoted offers evidence of the justice of that criticism; but I question whether any man can maintain a high literary style in dictating to a stenographer, as Older did "My Story," like a whirlwind. The other criticism challenged the unity of conception of the book, even as a series of episodes. He said that the first part of the book, dealing with the graft prosecutions, didn't hang together with the last part, devoted to sketches and studies in criminology. That criticism, coming from whatever source, I must challenge. The two parts of the book *do* hang together; and the connecting link between them is the personality and career of Abe Ruef. To study Older's relation to Ruef, as he has detailed and developed it, is to get at the heart of what the man is trying to tell the people of America.

Abe Ruef, as some of our readers will remember, was a brilliant young Jewish lawyer and politician, highly educated, finely cultured, shrewd and crooked as they are made. He was originally a Republican, but went over to Eugene E. Schmitz, the Labor candidate who was nominated after the teamsters' strike of 1901, secured the election of Schmitz, put Schmitz in his pocket, and proceeded to run a wide-open town strictly "for revenue only." Older, hearing rumors of graft from the very beginning of the Schmitz-Ruef regime, tried several times, with no success, to get something definite. Finally he went to Washington after Francis J. Heney. Heney said he would come as soon as he could, if they would get William J. Burns, detective. Burns said he would come as soon as he could, if they would get \$100,000 to start the campaign. Older went home to raise the money. Heney and Burns came on just after the earthquake. Older says, by the way, that Heney donated his services. As luck would have it, by some accident, an honest man had been elected for District Attorney, by the Schmitz-Ruef gang themselves. It was their fatal mistake. That man, Langdon, made Heney Assistant District Attorney, Heney paying the salary to the man who was removed to make a place for him. An honest grand jury was secured. The investigation began. The rats began to run to cover. The weaker brethren began to turn State's evidence. Schmitz was convicted, and sent to San Quentin for five years. Ruef was convicted, after a second trial, and put away for fourteen. But

the thing had happened, in the meantime, which unsettled Older from his comfortable "good-citizenship" position.

Right in the midst of the fight on Schmitz and Ruef, it was learned that Patrick A. Calhoun, President of the United Railways, had paid the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco \$200,000 for an overhead trolley franchise. A great many of the citizens, headed by Rudolph Spreckles, had been trying to make him put the wires underground in rebuilding the lines which the earthquake had destroyed. Older, Burns and Heney turned on Calhoun at once. That what happened was unexpected, shows their fundamental simplicity. The best citizens would have nothing more to do with the anti-graft campaign. It was all right to send to the penitentiary a labor union mayor, or a Jew lawyer of the underworld. But a prominent capitalist, president of a street railway system, and the attorney for the street railway system, a leader of the San Francisco bar—that was a different matter altogether! "Up to this time," Older says, "I had been a fairly popular member of the Bohemian Club and used greatly to enjoy going there; but after we touched Calhoun there was hardly anyone in the club who would speak to me. The ostracism became so acute that I finally resigned." Mrs. Older's "society" friends advised her that "they liked her very much and would like to continue their friendship, but that they could not stand for the attitude of her husband." Juries in the Calhoun and Tacey L. Ford cases—Ford was the attorney for the United Railroads who had handled the bribe money—acquitted Ford and disagreed on Calhoun. Older dryly remarks, "Ford had been acquitted of the charge of giving the bribe money to Ruef, but Ruef had been convicted of taking it."

In the election of 1909 "the Calhoun people brought Charley Fickert into the fight as candidate for district attorney." So Older says. He was elected. The "best people" of San Francisco were apparently with him. The remaining graft cases were dismissed. The labor people voted with the Calhoun crowd. They were mad because Heney, Burns and Older had convicted a labor union grafter. They are probably sorry by this time. Fickert was the man who convicted Mooney on what seems to have been perjured testimony, and whose methods were shown up in the Densmore report. If the labor unions had repudiated their own crooks, and stood by their real friends in the campaign of 1909, there wouldn't have been—if there has been—a Mooney frame-up.

When the battle was over and the smoke had cleared away, Older had learned that, practically, there was one law in San Francisco for the rich man, the capitalist, the leader of the bar, and another for the labor unionists and their lawyers and political friends. Ruef and Schmitz were in the "pen;" Calhoun and Ford were still honored citizens. That woke Older up. He had been stirring in his slumbers years before, when he found himself hampered in his editorial policy on the *Bulletin* by the fact that the Southern Pacific, the gas company and the United Railroads had the business office on their pay roll.

Then Older learned that Ruef had been treated by Burns in a way which Older considered equivalent to a "double-cross." Of course I have never read or heard Burns' side of the story; I am just outlining Older's story. Ruef had been promised that he would be let off with a sentence of one year if he would "come through against the higher-ups"—Ford and Calhoun. Ford had handed Ruef the \$200,000 out of which he paid for the overhead trolley franchise. Ruef admitted that it was understood by him that Ford wanted what bribery done it might be necessary to do, in order to get results. But he said that the money was paid him ostensibly as an attorney's fee; that there was nothing said about bribery. Burns tried to make Ruef testify that there was. Ruef refused. Burns broke his agreement with Ruef, and Heney prosecuted him to the limit. When Older heard of this, he had evidence which convinced him that Ruef had told the truth, and had refused to perjure himself. Then Older got busy on the parole. It took him a long time to accomplish his purpose.

He couldn't tell why he wanted Ruef paroled. The *Bulletin* management wouldn't stand for the truth being told about the methods of Burns. That is what Older refers to, dictating in the editorial office of the *Call*, when he says that "with Ruef out of the penitentiary, and I, myself, out of my prison, I can tell this and all the other stories of my life as an editor."

Older's address to the Jewish Council of Women, given in chapter XXXV, is classic in its humanism.

"I shall never forget," Older said, "the morning that Abe Ruef started for the penitentiary. All the bitterness and hatred of the years of pursuit came into my mind to reproach me. I thought, 'Is this success, or is it utter failure? Is this a real victory, or is it an appalling defeat? After all the years of mad pursuit, is this the harvest? The imprisonment and branding of one poor, miserable, helpless human being.'

"In imagination I followed Ruef on his journey to the prison. I saw him being shaved, and photographed and striped and numbered, and degraded and humiliated. I thought of his tears, and of his suffering, and of those who were near and dear to him. And then it dawned upon me for the first time, that my life, too, had been filled with evil; that I had done many cruel things; that I had at no time been fully fair to him, or to the others who were caught with him; that I had been striving, as he had, for success, that I had been hunting others in order to make money out of a successful newspaper; that I had been printing stories that made others suffer, that I might profit; pandering to many low instincts in man in order to sell newspapers; that I had told many half-truths and let many lies go uncorrected. . . .

"Ruef and the others had merely been found out and caught. Being found out was Ruef's chief crime. I feel sure that if he had escaped detection, even though we were possessed of a general knowledge of all that he had done, he would still be honored and respected in this community. So Ruef, after all, was punished for his failure, not for what he did."

I said in the beginning of this article that a journalist was not likely to be a good social philosopher; and Older is a first-class journalist. But we have social philosophers galore; the country is full of them; most of them narrow, hard and Pharisaic, classifying human beings as laborers or capitalists, good people and criminals. And the social philosophers are agreed, nearly all of them, that law must be enforced and crime punished. The church, the college and the counting room are at one on this point. Where they agree, there must be some compelling reason. And it isn't necessary, nor is it even true, to set this agreement down to the interested thinking of a dominant economic class and its retainers, after the fashion of the radical socialists. The existence of society implies law; and law implies punishment for its violation. That law is imperfect in its content and unequal in its operation, is not an argument for abolishing the law, but for improving the people; for law reflects what the majority of the people either want, or are willing to submit to. It is a question whether Older, in the passionate revolt against conventional law enforcement which has grown out of his association with the "criminals" whose stories are given in the latter chapters of the book, does not "see red" too vividly when he looks in the direction of the district attorney's office, the police station and the prison. But he finally, as we have seen, comes around, haltingly, wishing that he could see some easier way out, to what I have said just above; that the only way out is to improve the people.

My journalistic friend came in while this article was on the stocks, and, talking over what I had written, maintained his thesis of the disunity of the book. He would not allow my contention that the case of Ruef created a unity. In the case of such a construction, he maintained, Older should have stopped with the Ruef case, when the parole was granted, and saved for another series the stories of Pat Sullivan, Charley the Stage Robber, Fritz Bauer, Pedro, Ruth Maynard, and the other specimens in his collection of "the human various." But I still maintain that he doesn't understand Older. Older's book is, fundamentally, propaganda stuff; and these cases are evidence he submits in support of his final point of view concerning the criminal. He wants to educate his readers to a realization of the humanity of the criminal. He had realized this for himself in the reaction following his triumph over Ruef. He knew that it would take more than the evidence of one case to convince the ordinary reader.

Older realizes that there are other problems than the problem of the criminal. He says that his experiences in the graft cases had awakened in him a deep interest in labor. At first he thought a labor

policy would bring the support of the labor unions to the *Bulletin*. In the long run, he found they would never forgive the prosecution of Schmitz, any more than the capitalists would forgive the attack on Calhoun. "But by this time," he says, "I had become interested in the cause itself, regardless of whether or not it brought us circulation." When the *Los Angeles Times* explosion convulsed California, Older tried to explain that "it was only when labor had been defeated in every legitimate attempt, and crushed to hopelessness, these particular men began in despair to use dynamite against the property of their enemies." Labor unions or the jail birds—it was the underdog who had come to command Older's affection, interest, loyalty and fighting qualities. I might say a good deal more; the book tempts one to write on and on. Older's attitude may be criticised as extreme in some particulars; social philosophers may pick flaws in his logic; but my heart goes out in admiration to The Apostle of the Under Dog.

♦♦♦

Seen and Heard

By Elizabeth R. Hunt
LABOR AND CAPITAL

SOMETIMES they clasp hands
In newspaper cartoons or on magazine covers,
When a campaign or a big "drive" is on,
To show how united they are
In the cause.
Then it looks easy.
Labor is always in overalls
With his sleeves rolled up,
And a hammer or a shovel in his hand.
He always looks bluff and sturdy,
Healthy and happy.
Capital always wears a silk hat,
A frock coat,
And a benevolent smile.
They grasp each other's hands so heartily!
It's easy in a cartoon
Or a cover design.
If Labor looked stunted and stupefied,
Underfed or overworked—
If Capital looked less benevolent and beneficent—
Then the cartoon would not be so good
For the candidate or the "drive."

♦

MUSIC.

MAY, 1919.
Through the open window
Music!
The like of which I have not heard
For two long years.
The beat of a blithesome rhythm
On a most unmilitary drum;
And then monotonous, deep-toned strains
As from a mighty 'cello;
Then both in rapturous harmony.
My heart leaps,
And for a moment
The half-forgotten melody
Seems to be falling through the soft spring air
From a celestial choir.
But when I look
The heavens have not opened.
Nothing is visible but scattering clouds,
And down below, across the way,
My neighbor in his overalls
(I saw him yesterday in khaki)
Building a chicken house.
It's just the joyful noise
Of sawing,
Driving nails,
Building!
Making something—anything,
At last,
For Peace, not War!

A Letter on Ireland

619 South Glenwood Avenue,
Springfield, Illinois, June 26, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your issue of May 29, there appeared an article entitled "There Is But One Ireland." At the time I read the article very carefully and then laid it away with the intention of writing my opinion on the matter as soon as I found opportunity. The opportunity is at hand. I do not hope by writing this letter to squelch the Irish cause or even to cause the MIRROR to come out with another article admitting that it was all wrong.

There are two or three phases of our interest in this matter which I can not quite understand.

First, how can we formulate and maintain a Monroe Doctrine with reference to independent countries in America while at the same time we interfere with the management of the British Empire? The Monroe Doctrine has been extended until it now

means that we want all Europe to keep their hands out of American politics. Shall we have one doctrine for ourselves and at the same time attempt to force another one of a different character on Europe?

Second, just what is Mr. Wilson's "self-determination principle?" Does it mean that any people or part of a people can determine under what government it shall live? One would assume that to be the case; but if so, did we not most grievously violate that principle in 1865 by compelling eleven seceded southern states to come back into the Union? They self-determined what they wanted just as you say, in your article, Ireland has now done.

On page 337, column 1, in the second paragraph, you say: "They have self-determined what they want. It is independence. They have never consented to British rule. They are held in the empire by force or the threat of force, and the right of force is repudiated by the world." Now, it seems to me that if the Irish can withdraw from the United Kingdom at their discretion, California can withdraw from the United States over the Japanese question, if she

wants to. If California can withdraw, then our whole Civil War with all its untold suffering and its million of lost lives was fought over a wrong principle. If California can withdraw, the Germans can move into Idaho till they are a majority, and can then determine that they want independence.

If it be contended that the distinction between the Southern Cause and the Irish Cause lies in the fact that the South entered the Union and accepted it with all its implications, whereas the majority of the Irish people never have consented to British rule, the answer to that is a question; namely, Does "Self-determination" mean that when a people has once self-determined what it wants, it can never do any more self-determining—that a decision by one generation binds its descendants till the end of time?

If this question is answered in the negative, then I can see no essential difference between the struggle for independence by the Confederacy and the present-day struggle for independence by the Irish.

If it be argued that the Irish are a different race from the English and that therein lies the difference between the Irish question and our Civil War question, the answer to that argument is that the same principle of self-determination that would let the Irish race withdraw from the empire would permit the negro majority in certain sections of the South to withdraw from the Union, especially in view of the fact that they were brought under our rule by force and have never even had a chance to self-determine what they want.

Without question the self-determination of people is all right to a cer-



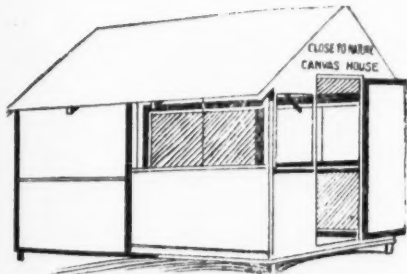
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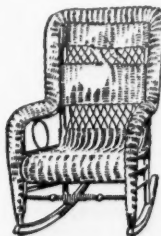
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Olive and Locust—from Ninth to Tenth

tain extent, but, like nearly every other rule, it must be qualified. Whether that qualification stops before including Ireland it is somewhat difficult to say, but, in my judgment, the unrestricted application of all that "self-determination" implies would result in a dangerous retrograde disintegration of existing governments which would retard further progress in the same way that feudalism did.

Third, we to this day retain an injured feeling toward the British government because of the aid and sympathy she extended the seceding South, yet a very considerable part of our population today is committing a similar offense toward Great Britain. The consensus of opinion seems to be that we should not meddle in Russian affairs; that we should not convey aid to those who are struggling against the rule of Lenin and Trotsky. If we should keep our fingers out of Russian affairs, why would not the same rule apply to Great Britain's affairs?

Fourth, the right of force is not repudiated by the world, never has been and never will be. Your St. Louis police department, our standing army and navy, our State militia, our sheriffs, almost our whole social organization, is a living refutation of the idea that force is entirely repudiated. Force as the sole arbiter of a situation is, indeed, repudiated and has been by most civilized nations for a good many years. But force must be mixed judiciously with persuasion and education to maintain justice in the world.

In fact, the great war just won was a victory for force mixed with justice and pitted against some more force which had nothing of justice about it. We used force to maintain our Union in 1864. We used force to obtain our independence in 1776; we shall use force to see that national prohibition is carried out just as we have used force to see that the anti-drug laws are not violated.

You quote from Sir Horace Plunkett, "If President Wilson's world policy means anything it is that the public opinion of the world in the future is to support the rule of right rather than the rule of force." That is undoubtedly the true policy, but to assume that "right" applied to Ireland means independence is, as I see it, to assume that "right" applied to the eleven Southern States in 1864 meant independence for them.

Furthermore, the northern part of Ireland does not wish independence. It is true that the great majority of Irish do wish independence, but if this principle of "right" is to be applied to them, we can not allow a majority in the south of Ireland to enforce its idea upon a minority in the north. In other words, if Ireland were to become independent and if the Ulsterites wished in turn to secede from the Irish Republic, the south Irish could not, in conformity with this new law of self-determination, offer any resistance. And yet right there seems to be the whole trouble. The Irish majority says, "We will withdraw and be independent, and we will compel you, Mr. Ulsterite, to withdraw with us and be independent

with us whether you want to or not. Self-determination holds for us, but not for you. The rule of right *versus* force ceases to operate just as soon as we, the Irish majority, have what we want."

As a matter of fact, I think the English newspapers are thoroughly justified in denouncing Mr. Dunne and Mr. Walsh as a clique of meddlers and busybodies, and if an equal number of Englishmen were to come over here and assist the Filipinos in their present agitation for independence, Mr. Dunne, Mr. Walsh and most other pro-Irish would probably violently condemn such "John Bull" insolence.

Notwithstanding the fact that my maternal ancestors were Irish, I cannot work up any great enthusiasm for this fight for independence. I have lately returned from fifteen months of service over there, three months of which was with the English. I saw them making gigantic sacrifices for the cause of right *versus* might, throwing one man out of every seven of their population into the great struggle; while Ireland, which now claims the benefit of the rule of right, could be induced to offer only one man out of every twenty-six for its defense.

May right prevail in the Irish question, indeed, but it is not a foregone conclusion that right means independence. I think you would have some difficulty in proving that public opinion here favors Irish freedom. Even if it does, the right of the Irish question would not be thereby determined.

Incidentally, I think you would have some difficulty in proving that the United States is the dominant partner in the League of Nations at the present time, and furthermore, that Great Britain is the chief beneficiary of the League. As I see it, Great Britain is the dominant power in the League and in the world, because I cannot avoid the conclusion that sea-mastery means dominancy. The fact that we are economically the great world power seems to me in the last analysis a consideration subordinate to that of sea power. That we are just now potentially the greatest nation of the world in all matters of strength is, of course, just as apparent as that the British Empire will be later, if she holds together and no considerable recasting of nations occurs.

It seems clear to me that France is the great beneficiary of the League, because she is protected by it from the Germans, who, without some such plan, would certainly do for her at no distant date what they came so near to doing this time. The British Empire does not now seem to be in need of any help to preserve itself from the inside or the outside. If, in the future, a developed Australia or Canada should decide to withdraw, I doubt whether England would seriously resist.

Certainly England could put an independent Ireland in a position far worse through tariffs and trade discrimination than that of a dominion. In the meantime, there seems, temporarily, to be peace. May it persist; but unless there is something wrong with my vision, several clouds are discernible, every one of which is "bigger than a man's hand."

DAVID E. HINCKLE.

Cooking Your Dinner While Shopping

Sounds absurd, but YOU CAN DO IT, if you have a Westinghouse automatic electric range. The Westinghouse folks call it "cooking by the clock." A good many housewives, borrowing a title from W. W., call it "the new freedom." The makers in one of their circulars tell it this way:

"Before leaving for the matinee Mrs. Goodwife placed in the large oven of her Westinghouse automatic range a six-pound roast, with potatoes, to bake, and in the small oven soup, asparagus and beets.

"She arrived home with her husband at 6—just in time for dinner, and the meal was ready to serve. The house had no cooking odors and each dish had a superior flavor from having been cooked electrically. She had only to cut the bread and bring the salad and dessert from the refrigerator and sit down to dine—coffee from the electric percolator at the table.

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"From the time each current was turned off until the doors were opened, cooking proceeded as in a fireless cooker, without further cost for current.

"The same plan can be used in cooking breakfast, made ready the night before. A savory hot cereal, delicious rolls or muffins, aromatic coffee, and boiling water to poach eggs—all ready at whatever morning hour you set the range clock for.

Westinghouse electric ranges are made in several styles and sizes, with and without the automatic features. Type 3-19 has two wireless cooker ovens. The larger is for roasting, baking, broiling and boiling. It has top and bottom heaters. The smaller oven is mostly for boiling. It has one heater. It has three heating lids on the stove top. Type 2-19 has one fireless cooker oven with drop door and two heaters. Type 406 is a low-priced range, similar to type 2-19, without the automatic features. It has two heating lids on the stove top.

Our own experience backs the makers' claim that Westinghouse ranges are economical, convenient, substantial and durable.

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If you are not already cooking electrically come in today and treat your family to a real luxury, which is also a true economy.

The Electric Company

UNION ELECTRIC: Main Office—12th and Locust

Parables of Today

By U. H.

EXPERIENCE.

Every year the pilchards came in great shoals, and the fishermen put out their nets and caught them by the thousand.

"I can't understand why these fish don't learn wisdom and keep out of our nets," said the fisherman.

"Were I to gain my liberty," said the dying fish, "all the pilchards should profit by my experience. But that is not to be, I perceive." And he died in the basket.

And the little young pilchards were swimming merrily out of the bay.

"There is no danger in those net things," said one to another. "I was doubtful at first, but now I know they are all right. One can swim right through them, and one comes to no harm."

THE POOR DEVIL.

"What shall I do on earth to please God?" asked the man.

"Comfort and support the weak and do good to them that hate you; and love your enemies," said the priest.

So the man looked about him; and so far as he could make out the Devil was

his worst enemy. And since God—who is all powerful—and all the armies of Heaven, and all good men were fighting against the Devil to destroy him, he was bound to prove weak also, and to be sore oppressed. So the man threw himself heart and soul into the Devil's cause and did all he could to lighten his hard lot.

And God knows what has become of him!

CLASSIFICATION.

Two men were discussing humanity.

"I divide men into two classes," said the first: "the men who are believers, and the unbelievers."

"I also divide men into two classes," said the second; "the men of action and the men of inaction."

And a third man, who had been listening, said: "I, too, divide them into two classes." He spoke a little sadly. "There are those that divide the human race into two classes—and those that do not."

FAITH.

The wise man told them that the King was coming among his people, to see them all in their homes. There was no official announcement made, and no courtiers came from the capital to tell the people.

The man, when asked about it, said:

"I do not believe it." And he thought to himself: "I know it *might* be true, but I will not run the risk of being deceived—I will not believe it."

The woman said:

"I think I believe it; I feel I ought to."

And she thought: "I cannot believe it all entirely, but I see no harm in believing part of it."

The child said:

"I believe it all!"

And he thought: "It might, oh it *might* be true, and since it might—I can believe it utterly."

And it all came about as the child had hoped. But the man was not there, and the woman was not ready.

And the child ran to meet the stranger at the gate.

GOD AND THE FLEA.

There was once a flea, among other fleas, that lived on a dog. And he had a hard life of it, for the dog was always trying to scratch him off. And at last he succeeded.

"This is the end of me," said the flea, as he fell on to the roadway. "But doubtless it is to serve some great end. For the dog knows all things, and all I know is that his ways are beyond my understanding."

And the dog was given to a stranger, who chained him up alone and left him. His master had caressed him and bidden him good-bye, and gone away.

"What have I done to deserve this?" moaned the dog. "My heart will break with grief, and I shall die. And yet it must be well-devised and fitting, for my master knows all things, and I know very little."

And the man was many hundred miles away in a foreign country.

"It's terrible, it's ghastly!" he cried to the soldier next to him above the din of rifles and artillery, "I can't fix it in the scheme of things at all. But I guess God can!"—*From the London Nation.*

A Stayer

Being very conceited about his fine figure, the sportsman wore corsets to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the ground. A farm laborer ran to render him assistance. The first-aid man began to feel the fallen one all over to see if any bones were broken, when suddenly he yelled out to another laborer: "Run, Jack, for heaven's sake, for a doctor! Here's a man's ribs running north and south instead of east and west."

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SIXTH FLOOR

Dear Anatole

By Catherine Postelle

Lewis Piaget Shanks in "Anatole, France" (The Open Court Publishing Co.) has undertaken to give us a study of the greatest of living writers, Anatole France, and this he does through a criticism of his work. There are thirty-five or forty volumes to the credit of Anatole France—stories, novels, biographies, criticisms—all mere vehicles of his own impressions, his own deductions about life, an expression of his own personality. It is through a study of this work that the author endeavors to present to his readers a picture of France, necessarily a composite picture of one who had so many phases and so many evolutions.

Anatole France gives this axiom for the guidance of any student of his works, "Every criticism"—and all his books may be called criticisms—"like philosophy or history is a kind of novel for the use of curious or discreet minds, and every novel is a biography. . . Gentlemen, I am going to speak of myself in connection with Shakespeare, Racine or Goethe. It is rather a fine opportunity. . . The good critic is one who relates the adventures of his soul in the midst of masterpieces."

The novels of Anatole France violate most of the canons of that form of literature. Some of his shorter tales are gems of thought and construction, but for pure delight commend me to those essays that are candidly criticisms. What you get out of his books—the story is perfectly unessential—are the axioms, the profound conclusions that France has deduced by focusing his master mind upon men and events as they flowed past him. It has been complained of him that he is inconsistent, that he changes his color to suit the hour. So does the dawn change and the flower and all things that have life. He is no coward. He states his present thought, and will state it again tomorrow, even if what he thinks tomorrow contradict all that he has said today. The prism has many sides—now a dart of red, now a dart of blue, as the light falls.

In *Pierre Noziere* and *Le Petit Pierre* one may read the exact story of the infancy and boyhood of Anatole France. After that Mr. Shanks takes us through many delightful phases of this many-sided personality, his surrender to Grecian art and letters, his research among all systems of philosophy and of religion, his adoption of science, his return to letters, his attitude towards democracy, his denial of right of war, his surrender of this attitude when his own country was called into struggle and his offer of himself in her defense.

Some months ago an article appeared in an American magazine, "The Passing of Anatole France." It is not well to write a man's epitaph until he is dead. Anatole France at seventy-five is well able to speak for himself. His brief desertion by the fickle populace came about through the pacifist attitude of the great thinker before war was declared. His

ardent and devout patriotism should be a sufficient answer to that. But what does it matter? His place in letters does not rest on so frail a thing as a shout from the populace. When this war is only a memory, and those who decried him still less, Anatole France will smile serenely down upon the crowd at his feet from the safe pedestal where he is already ensconced. *Aes aeternum.*

Sir Fretful Plagiary

George Bernard Shaw is a playwright who has upon at least one occasion admitted his talents to be equal to or greater than Shakespeare's. It is not, therefore, surprising to discover that his method of choosing dramatic material is sometimes akin to that followed by gentle Will. We have no evidence today to inform us whether Shakespeare was frank about his borrowing of plots; probably his stories were often so familiar to his audiences that no explanations concerning sources were necessary. Mr. Shaw might plead the same alibi upon the particular play now in mind; it is not, however, on record that he has. On the other hand, it must be remembered that if dramatic critics had actually been as omniscient as it is commonly their habit to profess to be, Mr. Shaw would have been found out long ago.

Every one interested in the stage will recall that Mr. Shaw first produced "Pygmalion" in Berlin; that the

reason he advanced for this unusual procedure was that Berlin possessed and audience capable of understanding a work of pure genius, while, per contra, such understanding existed neither within the sound of Bow Bells nor within the length of Manhattan. This was a theory which made all press agents jealous; to such flights their imagination, unbridled as it is, had not yet led them. But all this aside, "Pygmalion" was produced in Berlin; later Sir Herbert Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were graciously permitted to reveal its mysteries to London, and at last it came to New York. We all went to see it and were properly impressed.

Here was a modern version of the Greek legend of Pygmalion and Galatea, in which, you remember, a young artist creates a statue so lifelike and beautiful that it comes to life and he falls in love with his own creation. Mr. Shaw made his Pygmalion a professor of phonetics with a theory that as speech is an infallible revelation of one's early environment, so, on the other hand, a skillful student of phonetics can remove all traces of environment by proper treatment. To prove his point he takes a flower girl from the gutter and transforms her into a duchess. How original, and how like Shaw! we all exclaimed. What a clever, modern, learned interpretation of a Greek myth. It is, nevertheless, extremely probable that Mr. Shaw perpetrated upon us all a literary joke of the first magnitude.

It so happens that in Chapter 87 of "Peregrine Pickle" by one Tobias Smollett is related almost the identical narrative which forms the basis of Mr. Shaw's plot in "Pygmalion." Such alterations as Mr. Shaw makes are made evidently in deference to the difference between the Twentieth Century and the Eighteenth Century. But even these alterations are parallel and not opposite modifications. It is time to produce the evidence, although for complete proof a reading of the chapter in question is recommended.

While *Peregrine* is jogging along his way a beggar woman and her daughter solicit alms from him. In accordance with his theory that environment and not inherited characteristics principally shape our characters, *Peregrine* purchases the daughter for the purpose of his experiment. The "nymph" is sent home and, much as Mr. Shaw portrays it, made presentable. *Peregrine* then proceeds to put his theory into practice. "He observed that the conservation of those who are dignified with the appellation of polite company, is neither more edifying nor entertaining than that which is met with among the lower classes of mankind; and that the only essential difference, in point of demeanor, is the form of an education, which the meanest capacity can acquire without much study or application. Possessed of this notion, he determined to take the young mendicant under his own tutorage and instruction. In consequence of which, he hoped he should, in a few weeks, be

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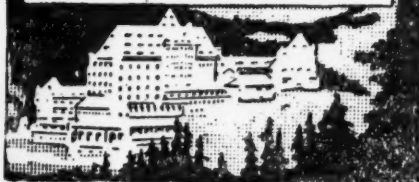
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Not only was Mr. Shaw content with this novel idea for his play, but he followed Smollett's suggestions for the subsequent development of the theme. In spite of the fact that *Peregrine* found that his *Galatea's* tendency toward improper language was the chief obstacle to his theory, nevertheless he presented her at table first among a set of country squires where she passed muster satisfactorily. She was taught to quote Shakespeare, Otway, and Pope, as well as to hum snatches of opera tunes during the lulls in the conversation. The gossip of the stage she learned with ease, and even understood whist in an age when this pastime was a predatory occupation. In fact it was whist which brought the great revelation. A worthy dowager, playing opposite *Peregrine's Galatea*, employed questionable methods; *Galatea* sprang to her feet with an epithet which was the Eighteenth Century equivalent of the one with which Mr. Shaw shocked Twentieth Century London, and the fat was in the fire. In the end, as in the explanatory essay completing "Pygmalion" she does not marry her benefactor but a lesser person with whom she sets up a public house, aided by *Peregrine's* financial support. Thus Mr. Shaw has followed Smollett's scenario throughout. The framework is not altered in the least. Mr. Shaw's contribution is a professor of phonetics and the alteration of a father "who was a day laborer in the country" into a dustman.

All this is not to charge Mr. Shaw with plagiarism; this ceased to be a crime centuries ago. But what is rather amusing is the fact that critics have written columns on "Pygmalion"; that Mr. Shaw has solemnly answered them, and, as far as the present writer is aware, none of them has noticed Mr. Smollett's prior claim. Probably all this has amused Mr. Shaw profoundly. It should; yet possibly it accounts for his offering "Pygmalion" first to Berlin. *Peregrine Pickle* does not saunter down Unter den Linden.—From *The Christian Science Monitor*.

♦♦♦

A Lord on Labor

By William F. Ogburn

The American public has been reading a good deal recently about the reconstitution of industrial society in Great Britain after the war. While the greatest source of information has been the British Labor Party and various labor centers, these have been by no means the only significant sources nor the most interesting. There have been various rumors of plans from the employers to adopt the six-hour day and to share the control of industry through the medium of copartnership. Some of these rumors have centered around the name of the great soap manufacturer at Port Sunlight, Lord Leverhulme. And now the interesting views of Lord Leverhulme on the future of industrial society are set forth in some detail and made available in a book under the spectacular title of "The Six-Hour

Day," Henry Holt & Co., New York, publishers. A reading of this book shows the author to have a good knowledge of general economics and sociology as well as an intimate first-hand acquaintance with the practical problems of industry.

He thinks the workers should work only six hours a day; that the time is ripe now for the adoption of a six-hour workday in Britain, and that the workers should receive the same wages for six hours' work that they now receive for eight or ten hours' work. He favors paying not only high and still higher wages, but wants the employees furthermore to share in the profits of industry. And this share in the profits is by a method he calls copartnership, which is not the profit sharing in lieu of wage increases of which we have seen so much. His profit sharing is a return over and above the trade-union rate of wages, and acts in no sense as a bar to further wage increases. He wants to abolish poverty and make unemployment a thing unknown. He is particularly insistent upon good housing and insists that no more than 10 or 12 houses to the acre should be built and that every home should have a garden. His plans for education include adults as well as youths and under the six-hour day there seems to be no age limit to which it might not be carried. He is opposed to the tariff because it taxes those least able to bear it.

Such a program as the above makes the usual schemes of welfare work look insignificant. If this is benevolent paternalism it is carried so far as to make it look very much worth while even to the most radical. But how about the labor unions? After all these good things are had, isn't this autocracy in industry, just the same? But our spokesmen is in favor of trade unions, and protests against the unequal distribution of wealth. He says:

"I am bound to say I feel it very intensely that it has to be recorded at the beginning of the twentieth century that nine-tenths of the wealth of the United Kingdom should be possessed by less than one-tenth of the people, and that nine-tenths of the people should possess only one-tenth of the wealth. That is a system that cannot be defended for one single moment. But you must remember this, that through all the centuries we have had such a system of taxation in this country that the taxes have not been laid on the backs best able to bear them, but have been laid on the worker."

He is not afraid of governmental action and wants the cities to buy up land for purposes of building homes for the people and thus prevent speculation in land.

"We know the slums of London and the overcrowding of London; but do we realize that the Metropolitan area, with its seven and a quarter millions of people, covers the extensive area of 450,000 acres of ground. If, therefore, we had planned for building under ideal conditions of some ten houses to the acre over the whole of this Metropolitan area, * * * we could * * * have provided for housing twenty-two and a half millions of people, * * * with ideal surroundings for comfort and happiness. It is merely a case of bad packing."

His opposition to all forms of philanthropy and charity is strong. Also more than once the author speaks of the hope for workmen who could help to control the industries in which they work.

Such a program, significant features

of which have just been set forth, sounds very strange indeed coming from the pen of a capitalist, and at first glance seems certain to upset the conceptions of the capitalist held by the sophisticated observer of social conditions, with a knowledge of what economic determinism is. How shall we classify the exceptional social philosophy of Lord Leverhulme? Is he an idealist, a moralist, a Socialist, or a Bolshevik?

Lord Leverhulme is certainly not the conventional idealist with a vague, emotional, and impractical idealism. These addresses rather are full of earmarks of the practical. Our author seems to be thinking all the while of how his schemes will work and addresses himself to the immediate practical questions of British industrial life after the war. And as a successful manufacturer he has put into practice many of his schemes and seems to be advocating their general applicability.

Do these enlightened industrial views of Lord Leverhulme spring from a religious source or moral incentive? No doubt there may be some religious or moral motive operating in the formation of these views, but they do not seem to be the big controlling motivation. Of course, in trying to answer this question, a good deal depends upon one's conception of the nature of religion and of morals. But in our society we do have certain religious and moral enthusiasts whose attitudes on social problems seem to be brought about by ideas of right and wrong and by a keen sensitiveness to injustice, which ideas they feel ought to apply in our industrial life more or less irrespective of circumstances. Lord Leverhulme is certainly not a moral or religious fanatic. He has visions of a better and happier world and he is eager to bring about better living conditions for humanity. But he is not a sentimentalist as we conventionally use the term. He rather appears to be a hard man. "There could be no worse friend to labor than the benevolent, philanthropic employer who carries his business on in a loose, lax manner, showing 'kindness' to his employees."

If Lord Leverhulme's views are not to be classified as those of the conventionally conceived moralist or religionist, do they make him out to be a Socialist or a Bolshevik? Does he desire primarily the control and ownership of industry by labor, and is he endeavoring essentially to bring this condition about? There are various remarks scattered here and there throughout his addresses in which he contemplates a situation in the perhaps distant future where workmen will control or help to control industry and may perhaps own it. But these views are not the central theme, nor particularly labored. Rather they are incidental remarks as a gesture in his address or to round off the peroration. Although advocating a share in the profits, sharing management is not looked upon with much favor. He says:

"In my opinion all attempts that would mean the introduction of workmen upon boards of directors, unless coupled with giving them a training in the higher branches of work, will be futile. It is utterly impossible to take an ordinary rank-and-file worker and make a director out of him. * * * Real copartnership means not only sharing in the profits but also sharing in certain

duties which a mere workman could not possibly properly understand."

The author admits, however, that under the six-hour day and an excellent system of education workmen may travel in the direction of developing ability to manage industry. Lord Leverhulme, like so many successful capitalists, is a great admirer of genius and considers that a high correlation exists between ability and success. While he does not state that success is a measure of ability, yet the ability of successful captains of industry is, one feels, fully appreciated by him in contrast with the far lesser ability of the mere workman. One's inherent ability, the native ability of the biological man, it somehow seems to him, is nearly the same as one's ability in cultural achievement. His recognition of ability is seen in his division of the industrial process not into two factors, capital and labor, but into three, capital, labor, and management. The inequalities in opportunities for cultural advancement are perhaps recognized partly by him, but under his program as presented in the opening paragraphs of this review, the existing order would seem to be so adequately improved as to remedy these inequalities in opportunities for cultural achievement. Lord Leverhulme is therefore not a revolutionist in the sense that he would change the existing order of society fundamentally as regards the organized control of industry. He would change the conditions of industrial life in such fashion that the life of the workingman under the six-hour day and copartnership would be much richer, but the control and management of industry would be fundamentally very much as now except that through education, leisure, and more equalized opportunity, workmen might grow to participate more in the management. The last chapter of the book contains an exceedingly vigorous attack on socialism made in a lecture to his employees.

How, then, is this able and brilliant program against the social ills of industrial life to be classified? It seems that the big idea in it is the same as the idea in welfare work in general. The chief difference between Lord Leverhulme's program and welfare work as now practiced is that this venturesome reformer-capitalist carries the idea to the nth degree and applies the idea to society as a whole as well as to particular industries. His proposals are chiefly, (1) the six-hour day and (2) copartnership, plus a number of less fully discussed recommendations, such as good housing, education, taxation reforms, and others. These proposals, if functioning as he conceives that they would function, would be "good business." Under them profits would be increased and industries would produce more and "more money would be made." These reforms would pay just as it pays to feed well a horse you own, or just as it pays the owners of a department store to provide lockers and rest rooms for their girl workers.

One is naturally curious to know how this practical business man figures out that the six-hour day will pay. It will pay, he estimates, in those industries where the cost of overhead charges is equal to the cost of wages, if the

machinery is worked through two six-hour shifts instead of through only one eight-hour shift, the advantage being gained through increasing production by working a longer time the machinery, which does not suffer from fatigue and which is usually scrapped before it is worn out. Thus, as an illustration, consider the industry working the eight-hour day and producing 1,000 items at a cost for overhead of \$1,000 and at a cost for labor of \$1,000, a total cost of \$2 an item. If, now, two six-hour shifts are worked, paying the employee the same wage for six hours as for eight, the production will be 1,500 units (assuming there is no increase in efficiency) and the cost for labor would be \$2,000 and the cost for overhead \$1,000, or again a cost of \$2 an item. Thus there would be no loss under the two-shift six-hour day, even where there is no increase in efficiency. But the author introduces several pages of evidence to show that the workmen will produce more per hour under the six-hour day than under the eight-hour day. If such should be the case, if 2,000 items should be produced, then the cost per item would be \$1.50. In other words, under the two-shift six-hour day, the same wages could be paid for six hours' work as for eight and the product manufactured at a cheaper cost.

An appraisal of the merits of this plan should of course consider a number of factors, such as the labor supply, the ratio of cost on capital outlay to wages, the nature of the particular machinery and productive process, the market possibilities, and so on. In England, however, the returning soldier makes the labor supply for the two shifts, and the inefficiency of labor there is an acute issue which would undoubtedly be improved by this plan. Some consideration should also be given to the rapidity with which the scheme might be developed. Two working shifts, paid the same amount for six hours as for eight, if generally adopted, would do a good deal toward developing a market. Unfortunately neither detailed consideration nor data are furnished, and no record is set forth of actual experiments. So a careful evaluation of the plan cannot be made, but the abbreviated presentation sounds very attractive, indeed.

Somewhat more careful consideration is given in the book to the copartnership plan. A record of his own experience in his own plant is furnished. To the manufacturer wishing to adopt some plan of profit sharing, a good deal of valuable detailed information as to various plans and experiments is contained in these chapters. The general conclusions seem to be the following: A plan of profit sharing can be worked out, though it is by no means easy to do. Such a plan should be based on the prevailing rate of wages and should not be a substitute for higher wages, and should be no bar to increases in wages. There was some danger of speculation by the employees in his earlier plans; and experience seemed to indicate that in so far as the voice of labor was expressed it was timid as to developmental plans and ventures of the business. Copartner-

ship, as it is called, pays because of the interest in productivity and in the business generally that is stimulated. Profit sharing where the profits are shared and nothing is received in return by the profit sharer our author calls philanthropy and not good business. On the other hand, a share in the management can be delegated only where the workmen will actually share in losses, and this our author thinks impractical. So between these two ideas is his idea of copartnership where the men share in the prosperity of the company and in return help to make that prosperity by increased interest and efficiency.

So much for this advanced welfare work idea as applied to industry. As extended to society as a whole there are some very interesting theories. According to Lord Leverhulme, industrial success is concerned quite as much with consumers as producers. Many leaders of industry have seemed primarily concerned with production, and their interest in consumption consists largely in marketing. Lord Leverhulme seems to have a broader conception of marketing and makes his social philosophy turn a good deal on this point of consumption. Raising the standard of living means creating a market.

Hence higher wages are good because they make a better market. "Ninety per cent of the consumers of the United Kingdom are workers." The six-hour day means two more hours of leisure, which furnish opportunity for education, the higher life, and the expenditure of more money, thus improving the market. The plan of two shifts means enabling the nonspending unemployed to become consumers and thus to develop the market. It also increases the purchasing public. Copartnership not only stimulates efficiency, but it means more money for the "90 per cent of the consumers" to spend in the market. Lord Leverhulme is just as much interested in production and efficiency, which has of course a much more familiar sound to us than the marketing problem. He is very jealous of good production. He does not favor an excess profit tax for fear it may lessen productivity, though he favors income and inheritance taxes. The author's conception of reform is along lines of increased production of commodities of wealth at a lessening cost of production per unit at the same time shortening hours of labor and paying higher wages. The foundation stone is increased production.

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The owners of capital in our industrialized countries have been divided into two classes—the conservatives or Bourbons and the advocates of the new capitalism, sometimes called the liberals. These interesting proposals of Lord Leverhulme for our industrial and social life should probably be construed as the most advanced expression of a domestic program of the new capitalism. As such it will make very interesting reading for the members of our chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associations.—From the *Monthly Labor Review*.

Flatbush—So your boy's back from the war? Bensonhurst—Yes, he's back. Flatbush—Did he win a cross over there? Bensonhurst—Well, he brought home a French wife with him.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Taking a vacation?" "Not exactly," replied the poet. "I have merely suspended operations temporarily." "Eh?" "I hear two-cent postage is coming back July 1st, and that means a lot to me."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Silence is golden, you know." "Well, I don't know about silence being golden, but I've heard of people making money out of a still."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mamma," said eight-year-old Elizabeth, "dive me anozzer piece of tandy, please." "Why," said mamma, "what did you do with the piece I just gave you?" "I losed it," replied the little miss. "I dess put it in my mouf and it falled right down in my 'tomech."—*Dallas News*.

Minister—But, Hooligan, can't you live with your wife without fighting? Hooligan—No, sir. I can't. Leastways, not 'appily.—*London Opinion*.

Dauber—I got more than I expected for my last picture. Friend—Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of next month's rent. Dauber—Yes, but he raised my rent.—*Tit-Bits*.

Tenderfoot—Why is your little brother named "Bill"? First-Class Scout—Because he was born on the first of the month.—*Boys' Life*.

"Please, mum, there aint no coal left in the cellar." "Why on earth didn't you tell me before?" "Because there was some then."—*The Passing Show*.

Bevis—I've got a beastly cold in my head. Miss Whitty—Never mind, Bevis. Don't grumble. Even if it's only a cold, it's something.—*Houston Post*.

Mother—No, Ethel, a visit to the seashore is out of the question this year. Your father can't afford it. Ethel—Mother, has it ever occurred to you that father could work harder if he tried.—*Life*.

Return of the Skull

One of the most curious features of the peace treaty framed at Paris is the demand for the return of "the skull of the Sultan Okwawa and the Koran of the Caliph Othman."

The Koran of the Caliph Othman is one of the holiest of holy things to the Moslem world. It is as sacred to the Mahometan as would be a manuscript of the Gospel according to St. John in St. John's handwriting had the Christian world any such treasure.

Caliph Othman was both kinsman and son-in-law of Mahomet. After the death of the Prophet considerable dispute arose over the varying versions of the Koran which had developed from careless copying or from passing of the texts from mouth to mouth. So the Caliph summoned to Medina Zaid Abu Thabit, who had been amanuensis to Mahomet, and, assigning three learned scholars to help him, ordered an authentic text prepared. This done, three copies of it were made. The original remained in Medina. The copies went to Damascus, Kufa, and Basra.

This was done in 664 and all earlier copies of the Koran were burned. Thus for more than 1200 years this manuscript has been religiously preserved and highly venerated.

When General Allenby neared Medina during the campaign in the Near East, Enver Pasha and a body of Turkish troops in his command removed the sacred original from Medina. Now it will go to the King of the Hedjaz, recognized by the Allied powers as the political successor to Mahomet, and it will do much to confirm his authority in the eyes of the faithful.

The skull of Okwawa, Sultan of a portion of Central Africa, is to the ignorant natives of the dark continent what the king's seal was to subjects of a mediæval European monarch—the symbol of all power and authority. Whoso possessed it was sovereign; whoso lacked it was an imposter. How the Germans secured it is one of the untold stories of the war—locked, perhaps, in the archives of the British Foreign Office. But back it goes to the British crown, to be added to the many other curious objects which attest in native eyes the genuineness of the king's right to rule—as for instance the Una Bird, a diamond brooch which proclaims him rightful ruler of a section of India.—*The Argonaut*.

Coming Shows

The leading feature at the Grand Opera House next week will be the Capps Family, a sextette of kiddies and the proud father and mother. They have a number of specialties which will particularly delight the young folks, and also prove diverting to everyone who has anything to do with children. Other acts are the Old Time Darkies in the pastimes and amusements of the slave days; the Lunette Sisters, famous as the "Whirling Geisha Girls;" Coscia and Verdi, a pair of talented young musicians; Fox and Ingraham, piano and songs; Lewis Smith, blackface comedian; the Puppets in a mirthful oddity; Frank Barton, the human-bird; Marion and Jovita in classic and interpretative dances; the Animated Weekly, Dittmar animal pictures, St. Louis News Weekly, and Sennett and Mutt and Jeff comedies.

"The Big Place on the Hill"

By the process of exclusion, which works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, St. Louis today has but one summer garden, modernly equipped and conducted, a place of innocent amusement for young and old and which in this year of undisputed pre-eminence is also celebrating the silver jubilee of its prosperous existence. We are referring casually to Forest Park Highlands, surnamed in twenty-five consecutive semesters of *al fresco* operation "the big place on the hill."

For one hundred and twenty days each year since 1894 that fourteen-acre tract just south of Forest Park has attracted the city's heat stricken populace and with each year its habitués have found new forms of solace and diversion, new means of enjoying family gatherings amid surroundings that are constantly improving in effectiveness of public diversion.

Just as soon as new devices and inventions for the entertainment of society *en masse* had been formulated amid the populous centers of the East the management of Forest Park Highlands imported them into St. Louis and operated them in a manner that in certain instances was an improvement on the work of the original projectors.

It would be taking a page out of the catalogue of Luna Park and Coney Island to enumerate here the kind and character of all these mechanical inventions which received their first try-out in Forest Park Highlands. From the simple merry-go-round of juvenile circular riot, moving on a strictly horizontal plane to the extreme opposite, the terrifying loop-the-loop in which the sole occupant defied the consistently present laws of gravity, meanwhile risking his cervix—Forest Park Highlands offered these features in most approved form and thus progressing from grave to gay and lively to severe, introduced the circle-swing, the racer-dips and the mountain-ride, each with its own peculiar style of exhilaration. Several of these devices yet remain and others were discarded the very day that they showed signs of having outlived their powers of attraction and fascination. It is the part of the good showman to know what the public will like, in the first place, and in the second warily to

mark the time when said device has outlived its maximum nickel-taking propensities.

When the summer dancing diversion took hold upon the masses, Forest Park Highlands was the first place hereabouts to afford the perfect facilities for the enjoyment of this social function. The dancing pavilion at the Highlands is as perfect as architect, builder, musician and supervisor can make it. Just now the dancing at the Highlands is particularly good because the band playing the up-to-date dance music there is a genuine simon-pure jazz band, the like of which cannot be heard anywhere else on sea or land.

And this leads up to the Forest Park Highlands *magnum opus*, the true big works in the big place on the hill—the sanitary swimming pool with its daily replaced 400,000 gallons of purified river water, distilled and electrically sterilized before being sluiced into the enameled basin. It is worth a trip to the Highlands of a morning merely to gaze upon this limpid mere so clear that in its profoundest depths an object no larger than a dime can instantly be discerned.

But what a sight of human beauty that pool becomes when seven hundred girls and boys, women and men, not forgetting more than several babies in arms, disport themselves in said pool. Mankind of all ages, in freedom from constricting clothing, on health and pleasure bent, under the rays of summer sun or shimmering electric lights—surely this is a sight worth seeing. It's one of the city's real shows in which everybody can be either spectator or actor, according to his own individual choice.

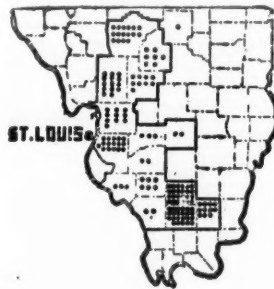
So much for the general aspect of the pool at the Highlands. A more particular view comes in the morning when the entire bathing establishment is restricted to the use of the fair sex. The lines of automobiles that gather at the Highlands every morning excepting Sundays, bringing crowds of fair bathers, swimmers and high divers to the pool, is another of the sights around the southern fringe of Forest Park, nowadays, of a morning.

Municipal Opera

The management have selected for this week's program the military comic opera "El Capitan," music by John Philip Sousa and book by Charles Klein. As with all of Sousa's compositions, the music is catchy and stirring. In fact the production vies in popular appeal with "Robin Hood" which so delighted thousands the first week of the season. The scene of the opera is in Peru of the time of the early Spanish governors. *Don Medigua* (William Danforth) has been married by the Spanish king to the shrewish and extravagant *Princess Marganza* (Mildred Rogers) and then appointed viceroy of Peru in order to relieve his majesty of her unpleasant presence. She makes things just as difficult for her husband as she had for her cousin, the king, and as a result the viceroy is very unpopular. Accordingly he keeps himself hidden from his subjects and issues his commands through his chamberlain *Pozzo* (Frank Moulin). The people revolt and await the leadership of a famous "El Capitan" not personally known to any of them. He is killed in a drunken brawl

before he can reach Peru but no one knows of this except *Don Medigua* and as a way out of his difficulties he impersonates him. As *El Capitan*, *Don Medigua* becomes very popular, with the ladies as well as the warriors, so much so that he seeks annihilation in battle in order to escape from his ever increasing troubles. Fortunately at this time *Count Verrada* (Craig Campbell) arrives with help from Spain, the viceroy is extricated from his various entanglements and the love affairs are all straightened out. The complete cast is as follows, supported by an excellent chorus:

Don Enrico Medigua, recently appointed Viceroy of Peru—William Danforth.
Señor Amabile Pozzo—Frank Moulin.
Don Luis Casarro—Charles Gallagher.
Count Hernando Verrada—Craig Campbell.
Scaramba—Carl Gantvoort.
Nevada and Montalba—William Davidson and Martin Lillienfeld.
General Herbano—William Davidson.
Estrela—Caroline Andrews.
Princess Marganza—Mildred Rogers.
Isabel—Blanche Duffield.



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Room without bath, double, \$2.00, \$2.50

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Marts and Money

Germany's grand renunciation in the Hall of Mirrors evoked only mild, perfunctory enthusiasm in the financial district.

There were no advances of real importance in representative values, if exception is made of a few issues which are under the control of pools or affected by specific considerations.

Three instances in point are Corn Products common, Tobacco Products common, and the United Cigar Stores common. Comment on the news was languid, laconic: "Glad of it, but it's discounted." The idea persists, however, in some quarters, that the upward movement will boldly be resumed in the near future, or as soon as anxiety about interest charges has disappeared.

There was another rise in the call rate to 15 per cent a few days ago. It seemed of a manipulative character, designed to precipitate heavy liquidation. But prices kept strikingly firm, after declines of a point or two in the most active industrial stocks.

The weekly exhibit of the banks and trust companies is of a calming cast. It shows an increase of \$33,000,000 in surplus reserves. The sum total now stands at \$64,077,130. The principal cause of additional replenishment was a gain of \$35,700,000 in cash. In regard to a shrinkage of about \$290,000,000 in Government deposits, it must be borne in mind that against accounts of this kind reserves are not legally required. The statement of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York puts the total of rediscounts against war paper at \$567,632,101. This represents absolute minimum since December 20 last.

While it is believed that the period of monetary tension should end within a few days, it is realized at the same time that gradual betterment in business affairs and financing of huge harvests preclude hopes of a return of pronounced ease in the loan situation. Account must be taken also, in this connection, of active preparations for loans to impoverished European nations.

The weakness of exchange rates is studied with disquietude in thoughtful circles. It is comprehended that the severe falls cripple foreign credit to such extents as to militate against efforts to broaden American exports of manufactures in substantial degrees. The straitened peoples in Europe cannot remit in gold under prevailing conditions. Draining of their gold reserves would demoralize their currency systems still further.

The total of British currency notes now amounts to \$1,800,000,000 and it is covered by only \$178,000,000 in gold. This is deplorably, dangerously inadequate. It explains the drop to \$4.5875 in the rate for sterling exchange in the last few days. Normal is \$4.8665. The latest report of the Bank of England reveals a reserve ratio of 17.71 per cent, which is only about 2 per cent above the absolute low record set in the first week of the war.

Drafts on Paris indicate a relapse to

6.43½ francs. The Italian rate is 7.98. Parity in these two cases is 5.1813. Quotations such as these imply onerous penalties on purchases of merchandise in the United States.

The German rate is 12.65 marks per dollar. This is a ruinous valuation. Return to normal, in this case, can hardly be looked for in less than five years.

In banking circles it is expected that some additional Federal financing will be announced in the latter part of this month; it will be in the shape of certificates of indebtedness.

Banking interests will shortly present their plan of financing \$400,000,000 railroad equipment ordered by the Government. There will be an issue of \$280,000,000 railway trust certificates, to be offered in the open market. The balance will be derived from excess earnings of the equipment, which is to be allocated and leased to companies that will become owners eventually. The belief is that the public will subscribe liberally, provided the price is made attractive.

Quotations for railroad shares continue to move disappointingly. Demand is not sufficient, as yet, to keep them at advanced levels. Lately, the selling has been promoted by unpleasant news concerning the dividend on Baltimore & Ohio common stock. The value of this now is 43, as compared with a recent high mark of 55¼. Previously, the stock had been on a 4 per cent dividend basis. Texas & Pacific, which was up to 65 some days ago, has reacted to 62. Venturesome speculators are enamored of it, and have been ever since the beginning of the advance from 27½ last January. Of course, they feel confident of a jump to 75 or 80 before long. There's millions in the company's oil fields, they say. Probably so.

Touching this subject, it should be set down that the Carranza Government is said to have put severe restrictions upon further prospecting and drilling for petroleum in Mexico. It insists, we are told, upon compliance with what Wall Street considers confiscatory legislation. At any rate, there's a strange run of information from south of the Rio Grande. Are they looking for trouble down there? Trying to get real intervention? Some of the leading petroleum wells of Mexico are getting ruined by salt water, it is claimed: The famous Potrero del Llano No. 4 has already been ruined altogether, after belching forth approximately 100,000,000 barrels of juice.

Stocks of companies dealing in food products are great speculative favorites these days. Corn Products common, which could be bought at less than 30 in 1918, is quoted at 82, the highest on record. Nothing has ever been paid on it, but there's good reason for suspecting that dividends will be initiated at an early date. The company has a big surplus, and its business is constantly expanding. There's much demand also for the shares of the U. S. Food Products Co., formerly known as the Distillers' Securities Co. The current quotation is 80½. The stock of the old concern was as low as 5½ some

years back. The theory is that food companies will do a big business in Europe in the next few years.

The annual report of the American Car & Foundry Co. fulfilled anticipations. It disclosed a surplus, after charges, taxes and preferred dividends, of \$9,671,813, equivalent to \$32.23 on each share of the \$30,000,000 common stock. For the previous twelve months, the amount earned was \$30.60 a share. For war taxes the company set aside \$24,475,000. Thus the net before allowance for taxes was equivalent to \$114 on each share of common stock. Extraordinary results, these. They foreshadow a still higher value for the stock; also a fat extra dividend, perhaps. The current quotation is 110 3/4.

A Stock Exchange seat has just been sold for \$90,000, the best price in ten years. This is an infallible bull point, it's said; all the more so because there have been fifty consecutive million-share days so far.

The price of cotton has soared to 34.25 cents a pound in New York—the highest point since the Civil War. The condition of the crop is privately estimated at only 70 per cent.

Finance in St. Louis.

On the local Stock Exchange the volume of trading shows moderate contraction, but quotations are well maintained in virtually all leading cases. Efforts to bring about further substantial enhancement are hindered by growing desire to realize paper profits, as well as by expectations that the near future should witness some important declines. Whether the latter will materialize remains to be seen. Much depends on news from Wall Street. Low-priced issues continue decidedly popular.

Eight hundred Indianahoma Refining were lately sold at 6.37 1/2; one hundred and sixty Hydraulic-Press Brick common at 9.37 1/2; twenty preferred, at 39.25; \$6,700 Independent Breweries 6s, at 50, and nearly three thousand shares of Granite-Bimetallic Mining at 50 to 55.50 cents. The latter stock usually is lugged to the front towards the close of an upward movement, but it is likely that at the present time its resurrection is mainly the outcome of speculative cogitations on the high price of the white metal—now \$1.04 in New York. Some twenty years ago, the stock was selling at \$3 to \$4 a share.

Sixteen shares of Third National brought 280 the other day. Subscription rights are rated at 20. Mechanics-American rights are quoted at 34. Fifteen Bank of Commerce were sold at 137.50. At the local banks and trust companies, time loans still are made at 5 1/2 to 6 per cent.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Mechanics-American Nat.....	283	137 1/2
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	136 1/2	137 1/2
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	351 1/2	351 1/2
St. Louis Union Trust.....	322	322
United Railways com.....	2	2 1/4
do pfd.....	55 1/2	56
do 4s.....	59	59 1/2
Fulton Iron com.....	99	99 1/2
Kinloch Telephone 6s.....	80	80 1/2
K. C. Home Tel. 6s.....	84	85
Scruggs 1st.....	81	85
do 2d.....	100	103 1/2
Mo. Portland Cement.....	9 1/2	10
Brown Shoe Co.....	39 1/2	40
Hydraulic P. Brk. com.....	74	75
do pfd.....	45	48 1/2
Indianahoma Refg.....	17 1/2	17 1/2
Granite-Bimetallic.....	96 1/2	96 1/2
Independent Brew. 1st pfd.....	6	6 1/4
National Candy com.....		
Marland Refg.....		

Answers to Inquiries.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—National Lead common is an investment rather than a speculative stock. The range of fluctuations will doubtless shrink from now on, with the tendency mainly upward. Ultimately, the quotation will be 125 at least. At this moment it is 81. This figure is a few points under the most recent top mark. About ten years ago, the stock sold at 94. The dividend rate then was no higher than it is now—5 per cent. The company earned nearly 14 1/2 per cent on the \$20,655,400 common outstanding last year. So it seems reasonable to believe that a 6 or 7 per cent rate cannot be very far off. Would advise sticking to your certificate.

B. J., Morristown, N. J.—Gaston, Williams & Wigmore is quoted at 35. The recent high record was 37 1/2. The low, 25 1/8—since January 1. Stock is a good speculative proposition, though somewhat slow most of the time. It should be bought for a long hold. The \$2 dividend is fully earned. The 1918 report showed \$4.20 a share earned, against \$4.32 in the previous fiscal year. Present business is better than that of a year ago. By and by the price will be above 50 again. In a sharp break in the general market, the stock might relapse to 28. In such case, you should not hesitate to add to your holdings.

OBSERVER, Findlay, O.—Better stick to your Pierce Oil. It's not wholly improbable that dividends may be initiated in less than twelve months. There are hints at 75 cents quarterly. The issuance of \$15,000,000 8 per cent cumulative preferred is a bull point, for the stock is issued with intention to retire convertible notes and debentures, par for par. The result of this operation must increase the intrinsic values of the shares. The common stock has risen from 20 3/8 to 24 1/2 lately. Some weeks ago, 28 5/8 was paid—absolute maximum. Company's financial condition is distinctly sound.

R. R. F., York, Neb.—(1) Superior Steel is a speculation, with a future. Dividend has lately been reduced from \$1 to 75 cents per quarter. Intrinsic value is not importantly misrepresented in current price of 44 1/2. The stock is expected to make a satisfactory record, though, in the next big rise in industries. It sold at 53 in May. Company's finances demand conservative dividend policy, surplus funds still being somewhat meager. (2) Would not advise additional purchase of California Petroleum common at this time.

GAMBLE, Kansas City, Mo.—Better stay with Sinclair Consolidated. Should work out all right. Some of properties taken in are highly valuable. New company expected to develop into one of the foremost corporations of its kind in the world. Will have extensive foreign business. Big new refinery to be built in New York, where company has bought its own home at \$2,000,000. Indicated capitalization doesn't seem extravagant.



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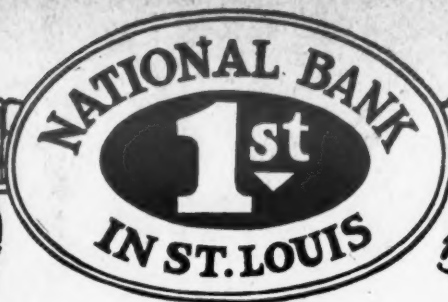
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